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CHRISTMAS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

(Republished by request.)

Lo! Christmas is coming, the jolly old fellow,
With cheeks like two apples, so rosy and mellow,
His eyes have the merriest, cunningest twinkle,
And though he is old as the hills, not a wrinkle
Is seen on his face, but the wrinkles of laughter,
For hope goes before him, and mirth follows after.
His hair, like a snow drift, flows over his shoulder,
So white and so frosty our faces grow colder
At sight of his locks; but the Summer that lingers
Deep down in all hearts, at the clasp of his fingers
Comes up in its splendor, till all the glad hours
Are crowned like a May-queen with sunshine and flowers.
His nose is a Grecian, his sables are Russian,
His toys come from Paris, in spite of the Prussian,
He has castles in Spain, but pure English his speech is;
Thus over all Europe his glad empire reaches.
And yearly he crosses the mighty Atlantic
To set all young souls in America frantic
With joy in his gifts, and with love of his jolly
Old face, and his head trimmed with cedar and holly.
And see what a budget he bears on his shoulder,
As fat as a pigeon, and big as a boulder,
All bursting with treasures, the richest and rarest,
A toy for the youngest, a ring for the fairest,
A smile for the saddest, good health for the oldest,
A purse for the poorest, a cloak for the coldest;
With knives, tops, and marbles, to fly like a rocket
From Kriss Kringle's pack to each boys's empty pocket;
With birds that can warble, and dolls that can chatter,
No mother's own darlings are fairer and fatter;
With ribbons and bows, and with bonnets so charming,
But small in their size, yet in price most alarming;
With chains and with jewels, none ever were richer,
Show them to a girl, you are sure to bewitch her;
With the tiniest watches to tell how time passes;
With charms for the ladies, and love for the lasses;
With kisses in candy, and far sweeter kisses
From the lips of the lads to the lips of the misses.
And thus over hill top and plain does he trudge it,
With fun peeping out from the top of his budget;
The merriest, cheeriest, kindest old limb he
That ever came into a house by the chimney.
So hang all your stockings, and set every table,
For Christmas has gifts for you all, and is able
To tell all your wishes, his pack is full laden
With just what is wanted by lad and by maiden.
Spring out of your beds ere the Christmas sun rises,
Your stockings are bursting with pleasant surprises,
Your trees have born fruit, if in fancy thou starvest
For things rich and rare, here's a plentiful harvest.
And here for the boy who has earned a harsh sentence,
Is a switch with no fruit save the fruit of repentance.
Here's a present for all from Grandma to the little
Young charmer, who knows not a jot or a tittle
Of what Christmas means, but who heeds not our laughter,
He will know when a Christmas is coming hereafter.
Let us welcome old Christmas with music and singing,
Set all our tunes playing and all our bells ringing,
With joy in our hearts and with mirth on our faces,
'Till frolicsome pleasure all care from us chases,
Deck out all our tables with flowers and mosses,
With jolly fat turkeys and cranberry sauces,
With wondrous mince pies cut in generous sections,
And a great Christmas cake flanked with fruits and confections,
With mighty plum-puddings, and all things inviting
That girls like the taste of and boys take delight in:
For hearty old Christmas is this much a sinner,
He loves a full plate and a welcome at dinner;
And cold is the heart that can fail to remember
The old friend who brings us back Spring in December.
Three cheers, then, for Christmas, the kind-hearted fairy!
So fat and so merry, so nimble and airy;
He his pack always full, and his eyes always shining,
And long may he keep his old fancy for dining;
Be his hand always warm and his smile always sunny,
His voice always cheerful, his face always funny;
May he always keep youthful, though old grows the nation
And bring the old joy to each new generation,
And when Time grows hoary, may he still keep mellow,
Forever the same jolly, happy old fellow.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. ARMSTRONG'S SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED.

About one o'clock the next day, James Armstrong, accompanied by his father, arrived at Marney Hall. The two gentlemen were ushered into the library, where they were presently joined by Sir William.

"This is my father, Sir William," said James; "he was desirous of having the honor of being introduced to you, so I have taken the liberty of bringing him with me, uninvited."

The Baronet cast a sharp glance at the mean, shambling figure and sycophantic smile of his strange guest. The impression was not satisfactory, but he received him with perfect politeness and cordiality.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR— BY REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.]

HARRIET MADE NO REPLY, BUT SAT MAKING STROKES WITH A PEN UPON A BLOTTING PAD.

After a few moment's conversation, James left the two alone, and went in search of Harriet Cleveland.

"Had I been made acquainted with your proposed visit, Mr. Armstrong, I would have sent for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland to meet you," said the host. "And if your arrangements will permit you to accept my hospitality for the night, I will telegraph for them to be here to-morrow morning, when we can go into this matrimonial business in due form."

"The very thing that brought me down, Sir William," replied his guest, obsequiously. "I shall be most delighted to remain. The fact is, that my son wishes to hurry on the marriage as quickly as possible. The usual impatience of youth, you know, Sir William. We have been young ourselves, and are not so old as to have forgotten that time. A very warm-hearted boy is James, and he dotes upon Miss Cleveland. There is one assertion that I can safely make; and that is, that the young lady will never regret becoming his wife, for he will make the very best of husbands."

"Had I had any doubt upon the subject, I should not have forwarded the match, Mr. Armstrong," the host rejoined, somewhat drily.

"Of course not—of course not, Sir William. But a father has necessarily more knowledge of his son's nature than a comparative stranger. And, really, youngsters of the present day are not so domesticated as when I was married. Indeed, good husbands—and, to speak candidly, good wives—seem to become rarer every day."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Armstrong, but I hope that the case in point will prove a striking exception to the rule."

"I am sure it will, Sir William. The alliance is an honor I never expected. I am a self-made man, and I'm not ashamed to own it. All the education I ever got was in a charity school, and then I went for errand boy into the firm that I am now at the head of; five shillings a week was all I had, and now could sign a check for a hundred thousand any day. I don't believe in people who are too proud to own their bringing up; I think it is a credit to any man to be able to say his prosperity is the work of his own hands."

"Undoubtedly!" Sir William put in, coldly.

"My mother and father both died when I wasn't more than six years old," pursued Mr. Armstrong; "and I hadn't a friend in the world till I went into Messrs. Boothby's counting-house, which is now Armstrong & Co.; and, as soon as James is married, will be Armstrong and Son. Well, as I was going to tell you, I met a friend there, a humble one, only the junior clerk, but he took pity upon me, and used to give old clothes, and sometimes a few pence, and at others part of his lunch; he hadn't much for himself, poor fellow; he'd only a guinea a week, and a wife and a sister to keep out of that. Poor Arthur Dering! I wish I knew where he was now, that I might shew him some kindness for what he once showed to me."

Sir William, who had been listening to these maunderings with as much polite attention as he could muster, suddenly started and changed color.

"But these things have no interest for you," continued Mr. Armstrong, who had been furtively studying his host's features throughout the conversation; "and you must excuse—but, good gracious, Sir William, are you ill? How pale you look!"

"The heat has slightly overcome me; the sun is very warm," answered his host. "Excuse me for a moment."

He rose from his seat and went to the open window, wiping his face with his handkerchief.

A malignant smile lit up his guest's features.

"Ah so you have lost sight of your early friend?" said Sir William, abruptly, turning to his seat, with a countenance touched, but composed.

"Ah, these five and thirty years," answered Mr. Armstrong.

"Five and thirty years!"

"Oh yes, I was speaking of forty years ago."

"Forty years ago!" reiterated Sir William, in a tone of relief.

"Y—when you must have been a baby, sir William."

"I was an old baby, forty years ago, Mr. Anstrong," replied the host, smiling, as his color returning once more.

At that moment a footman entered to announce that luncheon was served, and so put an end to the conversation.

Mr. Armstrong was now introduced to his future daughter-in-law, whom he overwhelmed with the most fulsome flattery, much to his son's annoyance, who perceived the unfavorable impression his manner were producing, not only upon Harriet but upon Sir William.

After the meal, the host and his nieces retired to their several occupations or amusements, leaving their guests alone.

"The; my suspicions were right!" cried the old man, clutching his son's arm. He turned as livid as death at the name of Arthur Dering, and had to walk away to the window, to hide his confusion."

"You are too premature; why could you not wait a few days?" returned James irritably. "Suppose he were to break off the match?"

"If I were to tell him who I am, he would not dare; the fear of exposure would be much terrify him!" said the old man, fiercely. "But that would not suit our purpose at present. Have no fear; I have thrown him off his guard; he does not believe that the Arthur Dering I spoke of and his Arthur Dering is the same person. I invented a story, which put forty years back—that is to say, some twenty years earlier than the true date, and altered all the characters and situations besides. But the name struck him hard."

"By the way, father, I must tell you that you are too demonstrative in compliment, too obsequious in manner," said James; "it may do in our set, but not in his. Keep quieter."

"I know I'm not up to your aristocrats, and I'll take leave of them to-morrow, as soon as I have seen these Cleveland beggars. But, bark ye, James Armstrong," he said, every feature working convulsively with the fierce passion that raged within him; "I'll not be defrauded of one tittle of that revenge I have waited and longed for these eighteen years. You must work for that, or you never have one penny of my money."

James gazed upon the passion-distorted face before him with the utmost astonishment he could scarcely believe that it was he shrewd, cunning, unsympathetic man, with no thought, no compassion beyond money-making and bargain-driving, that he had always known before.

"Revenge is a foolish word, father," he said, coldly; "and is very seldom used at the present day; it savours too much of the melodramatic."

"Call it what you please, so that the fact remains the same."

"I suppose it came about that this fine estate should, at the death of its present owner, fall into my hands," said his son; "would not that be admirable retribution—or revenge, as you like to call it?"

"Not half enough!" answered Mr. Armstrong, impatiently. "I would not have him die unconscious of my revenge. I would have him feel some of the tortures he has inflicted upon me."

"How do you propose to effect your purpose? A wealthy baronet is a somewhat difficult person to deal with in such a case as this," answered James, in the same cold tones.

"That I shall leave to you," rejoined his father, doggedly. "You have been educated, I have not; your brain should be sharper than mine—should have more resources, or else what is the good of education?"

"I never heard of education being put to such a strange use as the one you propose," said James, half smiling.

"Don't treat this matter lightly, James, if you wouldn't turn my heart against you. You don't know me yet; you have only seen me as a money-grubber; you believe I haven't a thought above gain. Well, perhaps you are right; but there was a time when I had, and this memory belongs to it. I have been a good father to you, given way in everything to you; but if you attempt to cross me in this, you will rue it—bitterly rue it!" he reiterated, with strong excitement.

"I have no intention of thwarting you, father," answered James, seriously; "on the contrary, I will do all in my power to forward your purpose; but I deprecate all threats and excitement as more likely to defeat than aid it. Leave me to think the matter over. But again, I say, nothing can be done until my marriage is over."

"It seems as if one never knew a man thoroughly," was James Armstrong's thoughts, when he was alone. "Who could ever have suspected such hidden depths of malignant passion to have existed in my father's heart? He is the last man in the world I should ever have suspected of nourishing such feelings. But I see that I must not oppose him in this, or, as he says, I may rue it. Fancy James Armstrong, the sugar broker, one of the shrewdest, hardest, most matter-of-fact men of business between Temple Bar and the Tower, ramping up and down a room, bellowing for revenge!" he said, with a cynical laugh. "Well, I must not forget that I also have had an interval of lunacy, and, for once, was no more consistent than my fellow fools. All I can do is to watch the progress of events, and amuse the old gentleman, if I can do nothing else."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I have sent for your father and mother, Harriet, and they will be here to-morrow morning," said Sir William to Miss Cleveland, whom he had sent for to come to him in the library. "Mr. Armstrong wishes to meet them, as James is desirous the marriage should be celebrated in about four weeks."

"So he has just told me," she replied, with well-affected diffidence.

"Well, I dare say he is quite right," said her uncle. "When people have made up their minds to have one another, I think the sooner they get married the better."

Harriet made no reply, but sat making strokes with a pen upon a blotting-pad.

"Well, and how do you like your father-in-law that is to be?" asked Sir William, abruptly, after a pause.

"Not at all," was the ready reply.

"Then we decidedly agree upon that point," he as quickly rejoined. "And do you know, Harry, I believe that if I had met him a little sooner, I should not have been so ready to forward the match. But it is too late to think of that now, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," she laconically repeated.

Sir William regarded her for a moment in silence, and then said, in an altered tone, "The match was of my making, and being so, I hold myself, as it were, responsible for it. I saw that you liked young Armstrong, and as far as he himself is concerned, I cannot see any objection, unless that I should like him to have a little more warmth. I thought it was an excellent chance of settling you in life, for you know very well when a lady is twenty-two years of age her friends begin to be anxious upon that point. If, however, you have any doubt or hesitation upon the subject, speak out, and I will do all in my power to put an end to the engagement."

"No; I think I shall be happy," she answered, slowly.

Again he regarded her in silence. He spoke of doubt and hesitation—they had sprung up in his own mind within the last few hours, and now he would gladly have found them reciprocated in hers.

"At all events, there is one point that must be maintained," he said; "and that is, you must have a separate establishment. I will not have your home beneath Mr. Armstrong senior's roof."

"Undoubtedly not," she emphatically answered. "At least," she added, "not for any length of time."

"I say not at all," he replied, positively. "Better to delay the wedding until your husband has prepared a home for your reception; or, for the matter of that, you can have apartments here for two or three months, and James can go backwards and forwards to his business easily enough, until the cold weather sets in."

"You are very kind, Sir William," she answered, in a low voice, turning away her head. Her conscience pricked her as she thought how completely he was playing into plotting hands by this generous offer. When she was alone with James Armstrong, some little time afterwards, she told him of her uncle's proposition.

"I suppose he does not wish you to go to Russell Square?" he asked quickly.

"He wishes us to have a separate establishment."

"Ah, he is not agreeably impressed with my father, he answered, with a peculiar laugh. "Well, we will accept his invitation; nothing could better suit our plans."

The next morning the Clevelands arrived, in obedience to the summons they had received. Captain Cleveland was a small, weakly-looking man, who had been, in his youth, a languid exquisite. Mrs. Cleveland was the faded remains of a handsome, vain, and extravagant woman, with very little brains, but a wonderful power of talk.

They were in a perfect flutter of delight at the prospect of the rich marriage their daughter was about to make, and overwhelmed Sir William and the two Armstrongs with adulation. Of course, they made no difficulty about hurrying on the event. Indeed, had it been proposed that it should be celebrated within a week instead of a month, they would not have offered the slightest objection.

"Well, my dear Harriet, so everything is settled, and I hope to everybody's satisfaction," said Mrs. Cleveland to her daughter, as they were dressing for dinner that evening.

"I hope so mamma."

"I certainly could have desired that Mr. Armstrong, sen., were a little more *a la mode*. You must admit that he is a somewhat plebeian personage."

"He does not pretend to be a gentleman, mamma," Harriet interposed quickly. "It is the son, and not the father, I am to marry, and I am sure James is unexceptionable."

"Quite true, my dear; he is certainly most distinguished in appearance, and his style is very good. Of course, it is not a match that a Marney ought to make, and I am really surprised that Sir William should have been so ready to have proposed it; but there, the old gentleman is very rich, and of course all his money will go to his only child. We must comfort ourselves with that reflection."

"How very charming Sophia looks to-night!" said James to Mrs. Cleveland, as they sat, *tete-a-tete*, at one end of the drawing-room after dinner. "It cannot be long before there is another marriage in the family; such attractions should not be displayed in vain."

"Ah! do not speak of it," said Mrs. Cleveland, affectedly. "I could not endure the thought of losing both my darlings!"

"Of course, it would be a great blow to you," James remarked, with the least possible sneer; "but we must all reconcile ourselves to the inevitable, and a little bird has whispered to me that the event is not so far off as you may imagine."

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Armstrong?" she eagerly asked.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked, lowering his voice to a mysterious tone.

"It is as safe with me as in your own keeping," she answered, trembling with curiosity.

"Well, then, I know for a fact that Sir William intends to propose a match between Andrew and Sophia."

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong you cannot mean it!" cried the lady, in a flutter of delight.

"I am quite convinced of it!" he replied.

"Well, and I am certain that my brother could not have made a more worthy or judicious choice, nor could my nephew find a better partner!"

She spoke with an assumption of great dignity.

"That woman will never let the subject rest any more," James Armstrong cogitated. "She will take good care to keep it continually before Sir William's mind, and fret him with the thought of his nephew's disobedience!"

"My darling, what do you think Mr. Armstrong has just told me?" exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, getting Harriet into a corner. "That Sir William proposes a match between our dear Sophie and Andrew Marney!"

"I heard something of it," Harriet replied, indifferently.

"And you never told your mamma! Oh, fie, dear, how could you?"

"Because I believe it will come to nothing," was the petulant answer.

"Come to nothing? Good gracious!—why?"

"Because both the parties principally concerned are averse to it."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Cleveland remarked, bridling. "Miss Sophia will find it is a subject upon which her parents are the best judges, and Mr. Andrew Marney will have to submit himself to his uncle's wishes."

During the rest of the evening, mamma transferred her attentions to her younger daughter, reserving, however, all mention of the subject for a more opportune time.

As James Armstrong was passing through the hall to the smoking-room, whither he was going to indulge in a cigar previous to retiring to rest, he heard Harriet's voice in raised tones. He remounted a few of the stairs, and listened.

"And by whose authority have you done this?" he heard her exclaim, indignantly.

"By my own, Miss Cleveland!" answered the cold, low voice of Mrs. Mastern.

"I shall at once acquaint Sir William with your insolence, and ask him to command you to give Mr. Armstrong the same rooms as before!"

"Sir William never interferes in household arrangements."

"Not sufficiently for his own interests. He reposes too much confidence in his hirelings—a trust of which they are by no means deserving!" exclaimed Harriet, passionately.

"That is an unjust assertion upon your part, Miss Cleveland."

"But it is one I can prove," Harriet observed, lowering her voice so that James could not catch the words that followed.

There was a pause, and then he heard the housekeeper say, in her usual tone:

"Very well, Miss Cleveland; Mr. Armstrong's things shall be moved back to his old rooms, since you desire it."

The next moment Harriet came sweeping up the stairs, and James advanced to

meet her. Her face was flushed with excitement and triumph, but she started upon seeing him.

"What is the matter? I heard you having words with Mrs. Mastern," he said. "Is anything wrong?"

"She was going to put you in a bedroom upon the second story, instead of the one you have always occupied."

"Oh, indeed; and why, pray?"

"To show her authority, I suppose, and her dislike to me."

"And how did you contrive to induce her to change her mind so quickly?"

"Threatened to appeal to Sir William."

"Not a very terrifying threat to her, I should imagine, from what I have seen, for she appears to be mistress in this house. Her word is law, which your uncle cannot, or cares not to dispute. Was that the only argument you used?"

Harriet could perceive by his tone and look that he had overheard at least a portion, if not the whole of her conversation with the housekeeper, and so felt it best to make a confession of the secret she would fain have concealed, and admitted using another reason.

"Let us go into the billiard-room. There is no one there; and I will tell you what it was."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS TODD, M.D.; OR, A DISEASE OF THE HEART.

BY F. S. M.

The days of my clerkship were ended; my examination was over, and I was admitted. I designated myself "Nehemiah Hubbs, attorney," took a house in my native village, and began my professional career. No, I did not. I am mistaken. I *intended* to pursue the honorable profession to which I had dedicated my talents and learning, in the place of my birth, but never was a truer word penned than the time-honored proverb—"A prophet has no honor in his own country." I believe if I had remained in the village of Green Briar till my head was white, they would have thought of me as nothing but a boy, and would have feared to trust me. Even after my plate was on the door, nobody called me Mr. Hubbs: it was still "Nehemiah" with old and young, and "Nehemiah" I should have been called to this day, had I remained in Green Briar.

Only one case claimed my attention during the three months of my patient continuance in Green Briar, after being admitted to the bar, and that was the case of an unjustly impounded pig, "feloniously abstracted, your honor, from the small but secure spot in which my client had trustingly deposited him, and maliciously driven to the public enclosure called a pound, for the vile purpose, doubtless, of compelling my client, in his poverty and destitution, to pay the enormous fee that has been demanded of him, in order to extricate the animal from his unpleasant position, and restore him to the bosom of his family."

By this I meant the client's family, the pig having none of his own: it was a figure of speech, undoubtedly, but still it rounded off the period, and sounded well to me, as I repeated over and over again my maiden speech, pacing up and down the floor of my little office. In this, my first case, I was successful so far as to rescue the impounded animal, and save my client from the payment of an unjust demand; but it brought no silver to my pocket; neither, to my surprise, did it bring honor to my name. The eloquence of my speech did not form the theme, as I fondly hoped it would, of paragraphs in the newspapers, or of discussion at the corners of the streets; neither did it bring to my office the rush of clients for which daily I vainly made ready. It was plain that I should never rise to distinction in Green Briar, and so I came to the sudden determination to remove from that pleasant spot, and settle in some city where nobody knew or had heard of me; and where, above all, there was not a soul to call me "Nehemiah."

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership; business increased; money began to come in, slow at first, but after a time more plentifully, and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But alas! as we are so often told poetically, "there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn," so trouble came to me in the shape of disease,—insidious, and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected; but at length it betrayed itself so plainly that I could blind myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was without doubt a victim to disease of the heart; not metaphorically, dear reader, for never had the organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach of mortal woman. So far as the gentle sex was concerned I was a perfect stoic; but that there was organic disease about my heart I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclosed themselves unmistakeably, they did so in my case. There was a fluttering palpitation, irregular action, and at length pain. I could not work; life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden death was ever with me; I could enjoy nothing. If I had had anything to leave, or anybody to leave it to, I should have made my will, for I was quite sure now that I should drop some day lifeless in the street, or that the morning would soon come when the power to rise from my bed would leave me.

I remained in my boarding house, and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew worse and worse. As yet I had consulted no physician, partly, I think, from the apprehension of having my fears confirmed; but as I sat by my window one day, smoking as vigorously as ever, gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was arrested by a modest little sign upon an opposite blind—"C. L. Todd, M. D." While thinking whether or not it would be best to make a trial of a physician's skill, a sudden twinge and flutter decided me; yes, I would send for Dr. Todd, and know the worst at once!

Summoning the only male servant belonging to the establishment, I told him to step over and ask Dr. Todd to come and see me as soon as possible.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked of the boy, who stood grinning at me, "is not Dr. Todd a good physician?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "I believe *she* is a very good physician, but *she* han't never tended nobody here."

"*She!*" said I to myself, "the boy surely has Welsh blood in his veins; the Welsh always *she* everything."

The boy returned, saying, "the doctor wasn't at home sir, but I left your name on the slate."

In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my heart, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at my door. "Come in," I called out; and to my surprise in came the neatest, brightest, most cheerful looking little woman it had ever been my lot to meet.

"You sent for me, I believe, sir?" she said in a brisk, pleasant way.

"I? No, madam, you are laboring under a mistake," I replied.

"Ah! I beg pardon," said the little woman, "I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbs, No. 14, Mrs. Grey's boarding house, with a request that I would call and see him."

"Your slate, madam!" I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment; "you surely are not a——"

"Physician?—yes, sir," she interrupted quickly; "I'm a physician—Dr. Todd."

"Ex-tra-ordinary!" was all I could say, for though I had heard of them before, this was my first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it, and acquaint the lady doctor with my case.

She felt my pulse, asked numerous questions as to my symptoms, and then in her quick, bright way, exclaimed, "Nervous! nervous! that's all, depend upon it. Excuse me, sir, but by the air of your room, I suppose you are much given to smoking?" To this I pleaded guilty. "And how many cigars do you usually smoke in a day?" was her next inquiry.

I could not answer this question; but I informed my lady physician that as soon as I had smoked one cigar I usually took another.

"Humph!" said she, with a toss of her little head, "a cigar in your mouth nearly the whole of the day! And I presume," she added, "you sit up late; smoking all the time?"

"Yes, ma'am, smoking and reading," I replied.

"That's it," said the physician. "No disease of the heart at all, sir; nothing but tobacco. It will make you fancy anything; it will drive you crazy, if you don't take care. Now, will you promise to follow my advise closely? If not, I will take my leave immediately." I promised, submissive as a lamb. "In the first place, then," said she, "throw away all your cigars, and promise to buy no more."

With a sigh given to my sole consolation, I said I would do as she directed. Many more directions she gave me as to diet, exercise, early hours, etc. Perhaps she saw, too, that cheerful companionship was something I needed, so she remained awhile, talking with great glee and spirit about matters and things in general; and, promising to call and see me the next morning, she left. I had not felt so well for some time; indeed, I had not given my heart a thought since the little woman entered the room.

The next morning I found myself watching impatiently for the arrival of my little doctor. She came, bright and cheerful as the day before. What a perfect little sunbeam she was! I could not help growing better under her care and the influence of her cheering presence, and yet I managed to contrive some ache or pain every day, as an excuse for the continuance of her visits.

At length I found that my heart, which had long been quiet and apparently free from disease, began to flutter and palpitate again; but I observed it was only when I heard the little woman's tap at my door, or felt her soft fingers on my wrist. In short, as she had driven the disease out of my heart, that little woman herself had walked into it. I could no longer blind myself to the fact; and when she one day told me that I was now off the sick list, and out of her hands, I determined that she should not so easily get out of mine. So I told her that as she had now given ease to my heart in one respect, she must not leave till she had done so in another, or I should be worse off than I was before. The little woman looked perplexed.

Then I stated my case, and explained my symptoms a second time, showing her the distressed state of my heart, and told her that she alone could cure it. The former disease she had removed by an occasional visit; the latter could only be cured by her promising to take up her abode with me as resident physician. She understood me now, and by the way she pressed her hand on her own little fluttering heart, one would have thought the disease was contagious; and I verily think it was. So now we are determined to cure each other, and next we are both to apply to a clergyman, who is to form between us a life partnership as lawyer and physician.

But one thing troubles me, of which I had not thought till now—that it is necessary to have our cards engraved. Married people are usually "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so," or "Mr. Such a one and lady;" but will any one tell me how I and my little wife are to be designated? Will it be "Mr. and Dr. Hubbs," or "Mr. and Mrs. Hubbs, M.D?" or, shall I sink into still lesser insignificance, and shall we be "Dr. Todd and gentleman," or must I drop the name of Hubbs altogether and become a Todd, too? Will anybody be kind enough to tell me how to have our cards engraved?

ABORIGINAL PHILOSOPHY.—California, Georgia and Tennessee have been shaken up recently by an earthquake. Memphis came in for a share of the subterranean compliment before the eastern part of Tennessee was served. It is not surprising, since that city lies in the track of the great earthquake of 1811, which destroyed New Madrid, a little further north, and created small lakes in the neighborhood, which exist to this day. Apropos to this memorable shaking up of the earth's surface—an Indian, for some moments gazed curiously upon the oscillating ground and the swaying to and fro of the forest trees. He was asked what he thought of the phenomenon. With a sorrowful and sad voice, he replied: "Great Spirit Drunk!"

SINGULAR REGULATION.—People in Vienna have latterly complained very much that—to use a Hibernicism—half the beer they get is foam, the dealers taking good care to fill the glasses in such a way as to increase the quantity of froth. Consequently the government, always mindful of the comforts and rights of the people, issued a decree that after November 1, 1875, no glass or mug or pot is to be used for retailing beer that has not engraved or ground upon it a guage-line below which the foam shall not extend. This line is regulated by the decree according to the capacity of the mug or tumbler, and must be strictly observed.

YOUR LIFE AND MINE.

BY CATHARINE FILKE-WENTWORTH.

My life is like a sunny land
Where sunny waters laughing glide.
With sweet ambition hastening
Unto some distant ocean-tide.
Upon the banks brave blooms of hope,
Half-blown, look upward to the sky,
And elms of inspiration lift
Their boughs with majesty.

And there are willow-boughs that lean,
Dew-tearful, sighing, o'er the tide.
Casting soft shadows sombrely
Along the illied waterside;
And oaks are there that grow like creeds,
And tower above the soil supreme,
Reaching their arms out mightily
Above both earth and stream.

And there, dear heart, a blossom bends,
More fair than other flower that grows,
Blushing like him that Psyche loved,
Whose flower was the rose—
The rose of love that sprang to birth
In that far sea most dim and sweet,
When Venus, flashing from the wave,
Pressed it with naked feet.

Your life, dear heart, is like the sky
Bending so goldenly above me,
Filled with rose-clouds of brooding thought
Of my own self, because you love me.
Soft winds thrill through it like low sighs,
Sun-showers pass o'er it and are gone,
Still eyes dream on it tranquilly,
Broken by laughing dawn;

Hither and thither flit the birds
With voices clear and musical,
Whose notes unto my peaceful land
Like mystic benedictions fall;
And oft stars of high promise glow,
Circling the crescent royally,
That rounds unto a perfect whole
Of strange sublimity.

But in the West one beauteous star
Look downward with its tranquil eyes
Upon the dewdrops of my flower;
And as in ancient Paradise
All things were grandly fair, so there,
Reflected from the dew-sprent rose,
My land with soft and wondrous light
Of love's deep glory glows.

O sweet! to love thus tranquilly;
And sweet! to be thus tranquil loved.
The happiness of Heaven's best
My soul while still on earth has proved.
And even as the air is part
Of earth, and beryl wave, and vine,
So, dear heart, ever shall be one
Your gracious life and mine.

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOVER AND HIS RIVAL.

Aime moi en peu, mais continue—Love me a little, but keep it up.—French Proverb.

What was there of more than ordinary merit in Robert Temple and his love suit, that all things should yield to him in the beginning; that the very stars should seem to turn from their courses and fight for him?

His path was made strangely smooth; Mr. Philip Vane bestirred himself and got the young man a situation—made vacant by the death of a trusted clerk—in a wealthy commercial house, with a large salary, and fair perquisites. Women attracted by his handsome face, his sweet voice and careless happy smile, invited him to their parties and receptions, and made much of him. He was a favorite with all men, because of his frank ways and generous, high spirit.

"Robert Temple! Yes, he's a good enough fellow; but the women are going to spoil Robert Temple," growled an old veteran of New York experience.

But, Robert Temple was not spoiled. One day, when a friend asked him, thoughtlessly, what he was going to do in the future, he answered frankly:

"That I cannot tell. Everything in the world that I care for, in the future, depends on whether a woman says Yes or No. I came back for her sake; I love her, and I have reason to suppose that she is plighted to another man. Just now all is dark; I can't see my way ahead an inch from where I stand."

He spoke calmly enough; but when he finished he plunged his hands into the depths of his pockets, and stood staring moodily out of the window. A deep line that was not usually there, marked the smooth surface of his white, boyish forehead.

"You say she is engaged to another man," said his listener dubiously.

"Well!" retorted Robert, fiercely, wheeling round. "You mean to say, for that reason, I have no business to interfere, it's not quite the thing a man likes to do, to cut in and carry off another man's sweetheart, is it! No! but, nevertheless, I'll do it, if I can. Honor out of the question—code or no code. That's what I'll do! I'll win her if I can. At present, I am neither exactly an accepted or a rejected lover; but I'll fight for my soul's desire, and no flimsy barrier shall be permitted to bar my way to her."

The other man gave a great stare. Robert blushed a little; he tossed the hair off his forehead with a quick gesture.

"You think I'm a trifle off my head," he asked, and then went on rather eagerly. "Let me put it another way. Say that I love this girl better than I love life itself, more than I love my soul, or hopes of heaven, you'll take all that for granted, you know. Well, say that the girl is not entirely indifferent to me, and that I know the man to whom she is engaged is a man utterly without principle, without mind, possessing not even one fine moral idea. Shall I stand by and see this man wed her, look quietly on and for sake of some trumpery notion of honor, behold both her happiness and my own wrecked for life? No! I tell you I will not. I'm going in for a fight if needs be, and fight I will on to the bitter, or the perfect end."

And the man who listened to this proud declaration shook hands with him cordially, and bad him good luck, God speed; and so forth, in his quest.

So he goes his way.

Meantime let us go back and see what happened on the evening of a day in the second week of his arrival in New York; the twilight evening of a sunny day in June.

"Miss Vane? Yes, sir! This way if you please. Shall I take up your card? Miss Vane is in her parlor, up stairs!"

The servant who answered the bell, folded back one of the doors leading into the drawing room. A large fresh colored, rather severe looking gentleman, who was seated at a table, engaged apparently in writing a note, got up and came forward folding up his paper, as Robert entered.

"What, Temple! Hail, Temple! You find your way up town occasionally, then, these busy days."

Robert shook hands with him, blushing. He knew that Lieutenant Cornwell was connected with the Commercial Company he worked for. He was an Englishman, noted somewhat for his eccentricities. His friends said that being a bachelor made him the Prince of Oddities. All he needed was a wife to transform him, and make him a best fellow in the world.

"When I find the woman who comes up to the ideal I have formed, there shall be a Mrs. Cornwell," he used to say gravely, whenever he was bored for his peculiar notions concerning the marital state.

The speech never failed to elicit shouts of laughter from his comrades, and was always the cause of derisive jokes being set loose and flying at his devoted head.

"Oh, that precious Ideal that bachelors worship so! how many go husbands has it not spoiled." And "but truly, if you were to be so lucky as to find the wonderful perfect ideal, how do you know she would consent to be Mrs. Cornwell?" This and much else nonsensical teasing he was wont to bear in good natured silence.

He stood now, shaking hands with Robert Temple in Mr. Vane's parlor. Did he hope to find his Ideal woman there?

"I understood you to tell me that Miss Vane was out walking!" he said turning suddenly before the servant left the room.

"Miss Rosamond Vane, Miss Vane's cousin, is out, sir," answered the servant, respectfully. "Miss Rosalind Vane is up stairs. I will take your card up, sir."

Lieutenant Cornwell bit his lip coloring. How should this servant know which Miss Vane it was he desired to see. He forgot that servants always know these things. They divine only, long beforehand, that which is yet dim and obscure to ourselves. The is never a secret kept in a household here servants are. For that matter the is never a secret in the world. It the eternal law of life and nature th all things shall be made clear in thend. "Out with it!" says the inexora voice: and lo! the poor hidden cret truth pops trembling up to the li of day.

"Miss Rosamond Vane out! Ah it happens that she is the Miss Vane desire to see. Well, well, I'm off, have the coast clear to you, Temple. Bon Voyage."

Lieutenant Cornwell left the ise; but it chanced that as he was going own the flight of brown stone steps, met a slight, tall womanly figure coming up. He stopped, peering eagerly into the veiled face.

"Miss Vane! Rosamond," he said quickly, "Is it you?"

"Lieutenant Cornwell." Rosamond put back her veil. It was getting ask fast, but in that faint, fading ligt he thought that she was very pale, that her face and eyes showed traces of the ping of hot tears.

"I came to see you! I was sor to have missed you," he said gravely.

Rosamond's pale face flushed sorest. "I was detained, I met an old frid; you will come again, won't you, me other day." She did not ask him ter the house again. Indeed, one mit have guessed that she was anxious be rid of his presence, she shrunk from is scrutiny, and trembled so that she old scarcely stand.

"I came to get an answer to my ti tion," he said, his grave voice grong graver and deeper. "Rosamond, wn will you listen to me, when will you ive me an opportunity to plead my cau?"

"When? Oh, must I answer yo at once. You will come some other y! indeed, I cannot stop here on the spa any longer. Lieutenant Cornwell, is growing late, and I am tired and col"

She was violently agitated; he med aside at once and let her pass, bu he followed her with pleading eyes, ith his imploring voice.

"To-morrow! shall I come to-morow, Miss Rosamond, will you give me ansswer then?"

"To-morrow? Yes, come to-morow! you shall be answered then. Oh, ow unworthy I am of all your kind patice; forgive me—and good night."

She left him, bewildered, amzed, anxious. She flew up the stairs, ast the lighted parlors, to her room. She locked the door, and flinging off beat she sunk down all in a heap on the arpet. And then it seemed as if bath and life were both going from her in the storm of short quick sobs which sook her body. She beat her breast with her clinched hands.

"Oh, my love! Oh, my love! Mst I give you up! Oh! why don't I lie! Why don't I! Come death! I on't want to live! I can't bear this agny! Oh, my love! my love!"

She moaned and raved and then she caught up a portion of her skirt and stuffed it into her mouth as if fer ful that her sobs and shrieks would pce the thick walls, and reach the ea of the occupants below.

And how fared it with those who laughed and jested, and passed the ght word, with light and music about tem while this unhappy girl sobbed he life out.

* * * * * *

"You will stop and have a genial sup of tea this evening. You gave us the slip the other night, you remembe, so you are, in a manner, bound to us now! Rose, my dear, here is Robert Temple come to pass a social evening with us, after the manner of old times in the country."

For, it chanced that, when Rosamd Vane came down to the parlour, were the young man was awaiting her resence, she found that her father ad preceded her.

"Papa tells me that he was gretly disappointed the other evening," he said, as she came forward to welcome him. "I think myself it was rather unkind in you deserting him."

"I was in no mood for visiting," Robert answered, embarrassed. "I ore him an apology; though I don't think he missed anything losing my company."

"You have been up to your place in the country," asked Mr. Vane, late: "No?—why I supposed you would have visited that without delay."

"I am thinking of selling it," answered Robert. "Portage, my agent, tells me that it is greatly out of repair, and I have received a fair offer from the railroad company."

"Sell it? Oh, no!" Rose interrupted here.—"Not the dear old homestead. Why, the land one was born on seems like a part of one's very being. I wont let papa sell ours."

"Well, well! you know your own business best," Mr. Vane interrupted. "My own idea is that when a man spends his life in cities he likes to own a bit of land in the country to which he can run away occasionally. It is pleasant, let me tell you, to own a green spot in the hill country, to which he can send his wife and babies in August, and watch the winds blowing roses out in their pale cheeks."

"Yes! if a man has wife and family," the young man responded, feeling that the blood was mounting steadily to his face. "But I've missed all that; when a man loses the prize he has set his heart on, he has not much courage or ambition to try again. I am content to live a bachelor."

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Vane shook his gray hairs in good-natured contempt. "What nonsense are you talking? Why, how old are you, lad? Twenty-one!—Ha, ha!—why, bless your soul, my dear boy, you talk like a veteran of sixty,—but, mark my words, you will be falling in and out of love a dozen times before you arrive to that age."

Robert set his teeth rather defiantly—he was annoyed, and would not, or could not answer—he felt that Rosalind's eyes were fixed on his flushed face in mischievous enjoyment of his confusion.

"Why, man, look about you," Mr. Vane continued. "See how a man is never so happy, never so prosperous as when he has a fireside of his own—wife and children to love, his own, his very own. Here is my little Rose as good as wedded—her faith pledged—the day fast approaching."

"Papa, won't you have some more tea," interrupted Rose, hurriedly. "Let me pour you another cup; I am sure yours must be cold—and while you are drinking it I will play for you."

"No, my dear—thanks all the same. I won't have any more tea, but we will accept the singing with pleasure. You must give us that pretty English song—'She wore a Wreath of Roses'—that St. Albert loves—or doesn't love—which is it? We owe something to his memory in his absence, I suppose. Mr. Temple, you have not yet congratulated my daughter."

Robert, who had up to this sat silent, cold as a stone, now started up.

"Congratulated! You mean to say that Miss Vane is engaged—she is to marry—"

"Our old friend, Mr. Albert St. Albert—the old St. Albert family, you know. You remember something about him? Yes! you used to see a good deal of him in the old times, didn't you?"

"Yes! I used to see something of him. I recollect Mr. Albert St. Albert well. And I pity, from the bottom of my heart I pity your daughter, if she is engaged to marry that bad man."

Robert Temple spoke, if audaciously; at least slowly and impressively. A dead silence followed. It was broken by a knock at the door. A servant entered.

"I did not ring for you," said Mr. Vane, looking up angrily, and venting the irritation Robert's speech had occasioned on the unoffending menial.

"Oh, I know it sir! I beg your pardon, sir," cried the man, all in a fluster. "I beg your pardon, sir, but if I may make so bold, would you please to come into the kitchen for a moment? there's a queer person there that we can't make nothing out of."

"A queer what?" asked the master, tartly.

"A queer person, sir—not exactly a tramp—he seems to be a good deal out of his intellecks, sir, and he talks that wild, not to say blood-thirsty, sir, that the girls be all screaming and going into hystericks."

Mr. Vane got up on receipt of this information and followed the woman out. The two young people were thus left alone. Robert sat quite still and pale by the window. Rose, with a look of proud resentment on her features, advanced and stood beside him.

"Did I understand you aright," she began in an imperious tone, "when you spoke just now of Mr. St. Albert? What reason have you for taking such a liberty, for insulting the man I—I am engaged to marry," in spite of her proud will the girl's spirit quailed before the young man's calm eye, which was watching her steadily—"in my presence, and in my father's house."

"I did not mean to take a liberty," he answered quietly, "nor did I intend an insult. I simply spoke my thought, and I can't take it back, however much I may regret it, for it was the truth."

"Oh, indeed!" The cold imperious expression of her lips caused his heart to sink lower and lower in his breast. "And may I ask your reasons for forming such an estimate of an honorable *gentleman*." She gave the word a cruel emphasis. "But it is the custom of your class I suppose to villify those of whom you chance to know nothing except their name."

His face flushed, there was a slight tremor of the lad's handsome lips when he answered her, but he kept his nerve well: not one word would he speak that she might remember and bring up against him when a calmer mood came and she thought of this hour with shame.

"My reasons are such that, unfortunately, I cannot give them to you. And you mistake me wantonly, Miss Vane, when you accuse me of villifying any human being."

Was it strange, then, that Robert Temple, in the tumult of his blood, with his nerves throbbing like triphammers, his thoughts flew back with lightning velocity to the hour on the night of his arrival in New York, when he stood up boldly in the street and punished the man who had presumed to mention lightly *her* name. Oh, he remembered it! Robert Temple remembered it now!

"I recollect St Albert as a boy," he went on, calmly; "and unless he is changed—a change which I believe it to be beyond all possibility for time to effect—then I say the Lord help you, Miss Vane, if you are to be his wife!"

Rose drew back a step, her face pale.

"You are prejudiced!" she said, passionately. "You have some boyish differences to resent. You have brooded over some childish wrong, and you let the memory of an old hurt influence you."

"Nay; I have no wrongs to remember. I speak from my boyish observations, it is true. But what the boy was that the man will be—the elements are there. They make the grown man, St Albert, what I know him to be, weak, vain, unprincipled—a trickster of the darkest dye!"

"Ah! and you are the saint who would teach him to do better, I suppose," she shot back, cruelly. "Albert I know is not a perfect character—is any one of us perfect?—but at least he has never tried to deceive me in that. He confesses his faults honorably, and has not endeavored to make himself out one whit better than he is."

"He must have pushed his confidence far beyond the customary limits then," said Robert, boldly.

"You are harsh! But tell me, is he much worse than ordinary young men? He has always been candid and reasonable with me. He will care for me truly, I believe. And as for love," the girl's voice trembled, "as for love, who among us women pretend, or dare, to exact that now. Come into our New York society and see for yourself. Love! Oh, Mr. Temple you don't know the hollow condition of society as I do! A man gives his wife a fine house, servants to keep it for her, diamonds, a carriage, and box at the opera. If she were to demand love in addition to all this, why he would simply sneer at her for her exactions. Why should I demand more than others? Why should I not be content without the love, as well as the tens of thousand other women who will marry, with me this year?"

"Because you have a nature that calls for higher needs," answered Robert, quickly.

His heart ached with an unspeakable pity for this girl. Here she was talking calmly of marrying a man because he "truly cared for her," forcing herself to a sort of hard content, and dreading his sneer if she should presume to call for a little love. He thought of all the wild worship he had lavished on her name, even before he had seen her in the full flower of her woman's charms.

"The picture you draw of your New York society, is not a pleasant one," he said. "You assure me that the modern man of this world, if he marries, scorns the thought of love. Be it so—I am afraid it is so. But as for me, I am of the old fashion of men. I am poor, and the poor man's home is his heaven on earth—his type of heaven to come. If I ever marry, I shall exact from my wife the full measure of love I lavish on her, through evil and through good report we must be one in heart and soul and mind forever."

They were startled by the opening of the door. Mr. Vane stood there, his manner expressive of great excitement.

"Temple," he said, beckoning, "step this way. You remember old Shaun, don't you?—yes, you were telling us about him. Come and speak to him—you may be able to manage—and he seems in a fearful state."

It was true; old Shaun was in a fearful state this evening. He was more than usually excited, and waved his arms, and gesticulated, and made threats of horrid vengeance.

"I saw her," he muttered. "It was dark, but I knew her—I know that it was my Maggie! She kept her face hidden down out of sight; but I knew her, and she gave me this. Gold! gold! My Maggie gave me gold!"

The old man's laugh—that awful crazed laugh of his flickered on the air. He opened his hand, and with a shy gesture displayed a piece of gold money. Robert stared with amazement. It was one of the five pieces he had given to the woman with the child in her arms, that day on the New York pier. His conjectures were true then—the woman was Maggie, old Shaun Mac Ivor's lost daughter.

He narrated the incident briefly. Old Shaun sat looking at his trembling hands and wringing his long fingers together, twirling them over and over.

"Gold!" he muttered. "Gold! Maggie gave it to me! My Maggie loves the color of gold, she does! *His* hair is bright, too, that was why Maggie loved him! He had hair bright as gold, and some time it will get coiled and twisted round his neck, tight, tight—and he will die! The villain will die then, because he cannot breathe, and old Shaun's heart will be at ease—aye! old Shaun's heart will be at ease when the villain who stole Maggie away dies!"

The laugh he gave was too horrible! Rose shrank back with a terrified face. There was a long low moan heard, and some one who had been listening without the door fell heavily. It was Rosamond Vane. No one present had known of her being there. She was taken up stairs to her room by the servants, Rose, frightened and trembling with agitation, accompanying them.

An officer was sent for to take old Shaun in charge, and meantime Robert went back to the parlor. It was seemingly vacant. He was there alone when Rose came back. She was looking rather pale and anxious, but she smiled when she saw him.

"My cousin is better," she said, placing the taper light she carried on the table—the room was rather dimly lighted. "Indeed she was quite calm when I left her. Poor Rosamond! She ought not to have listened to that sad story. It was very sorrowful."

"Yes, it was very sorrowful, as you say," said Robert, curtly. "It is rather out of place in old Shaun disturbing people's minds in this way, making them ill and all that, with the recital of his sorrows."

The young girl looked up in his face wistfully.

"Do you know," she began, blushing, "I have been thinking of what you said this evening about—about love and marriage. I am very sorry that I spoke so rudely to you. And, concerning Mr. St Albert, I hope you will overcome your dislike to him. You must, please, for my sake. I want you to be friends hereafter—you and he—can you not? will you not be?"

She reached out her hand to him. He took it. He had listened with grave respect to her words, but his stern face did not change.

"You know very well," he said, "that I would move all heaven and earth to please you in things reasonable, but in this you ask me something impossible. What! overcome in one hour the scorn and dislike engendered by a lifetime of ill-deeds! take to my heart as a friend, the deepest, darkest-dyed villain the city holds! Rosalind—Miss Vane!——"

He stopped suddenly, checked by the expression of the girl's face. She stood staring with parted lips at something behind him. He thought she was going to fall, she trembled so, and he put his arm about her.

"Rosalind—Miss Vane!" repeated a mocking voice.

And, turning quickly, Robert beheld a man's tall form emerging from the recess, from amid the folds of heavy claret-colored cloth that were draped there. He came forward, this stranger, into the fuller light, and Robert wondered where he had seen that handsome Van Dyke face, with its curls of metallic glittering yellow hair.

"Rosalind—Miss Vane!"

Rose stood up at these mocking words and stretched out a trembling hand.

"St. Albert! how you surprised us!" she faltered. "We—I did not look for

you so soon—and how did you get in? stealing such a march on us."

"How did I get in! Why the woman, Judith Price, admitted me. Did she not tell you I was here? You were all in the back kitchen then. She must have forgotten to mention it to you."

Mr. St. Albert omitted to mention that he had sternly ordered the woman to say nothing of his arrival, he would announce himself.

"And how well you are looking, Rose."

He stooped his yellow head and kissed her on either of her pale cheeks. The action brought the blood there. She drew back.

Robert, who had stood looking on, watching the betrothed lover's meeting, felt his head turning. He clenched his hands when he saw that caress. Rose turned to him.

"This is an old friend, St. Albert," she said, in a timid voice. "You remember him."

The two men stared at each other. Just at that moment the servant, Judith Price, appeared in the door.

"Will you please to come, Miss, and see about the cordial—the drops that you ordered for Miss Rosamond's nerves. She seems to be very bad, miss."

Rose went out, leaving the two men together. Robert stood upright, his hands clasped behind him, on the rug. St. Albert, his face changed and scowling, came up to him.

"So you've been playing at love-making a little of late, have you?" he asked, in a rough, imperative tone.

Robert smiled that careless smile of his, a trifle haughty now.

"I have not been playing," he answered. "On the contrary, I have been in earnest—in dead earnest—and am now. I love Miss Vane. I will win her, if I can, for my wife."

"You are in earnest. Well, I am in earnest, too, now. I tell you"—St. Albert came a step closer—"I tell you I will kill you—stab you to the heart as I would a dog, if you dare come here, or dare speak to my betrothed wife again!"

Robert laughed, but his eyes began to gleam dangerously.

"Come on, then; I'll risk it. I don't think you will put out my light just yet; and I tell you fairly and over again that I shall come here—ay, and I shall speak to Miss Vane whenever I can, and do my best to win her sweet liking, and take her away from you—you black wretch! Fortunately for you, Mr. Albert St. Albert, she don't know you as I do."

A long Italian stiletto flashed in St. Albert's hand. Robert took a step toward him. The young man seemed to tower strong and dreadful, and his eyes showered down flashes of fire on the murderous creature before him.

"You would like to kill me now, wouldn't you! You would like to use that piece of steel on me here in the lady's parlor! Oh, why don't I be the man I ought to be, and fling you out of the window! I'll go, before my passion gets the better of my cool sense. I'll leave you with your knife here, but we will meet again, Mr. St. Albert."

The young man went out. He saw Rose's pale face in the hall.

"I could not stay there with that wretch," he said. And then he caught her in his arms and kissed her. "The Lord help you if you marry that black-souled ruffian," he said.

And then he went out, leaving her standing there with her pale face alone.

"Must I marry that man!" she thought. "Is there no escape for me—from my plighted word! No escape!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXI.

FIGHTING THE TIGER.

At sight of De Lara and Calderon, the young officers stand speechless, as if suddenly struck dumb: for a pang has shot through their hearts, bitter as a poisoned shaft. Crozier feels it the keenest, since it is an affair that most concerns him. The suitor of Carmen Montijo a "sport," a common gambler! Favored or not, still an aspirant to her hand; though it were chagrin enough to think of such a man being even on terms of acquaintance with her.

Cadwallader is less affected, though he too feels it. For although Calderon is in the circle of outside players—apparently a simple wagerer, like the rest—the companionship of the morning, with the relations existing between the two men, tell of their being socially the same. He already knows his rival to be a blackguard; in all likelihood, he is also a blackleg.

Quick as thought itself, these reflections pass through the minds of the English officers; though for some time neither says a word—their looks alone communicating to each other what both bitterly feel. Fortunately their surprise is not noticed by the players around the table. Each is engrossed in his own play, and gives but a glance at the newcomers, whose naval uniforms are not the only ones there.

But there are two who take note of them in a more particular manner; those, Faustino Calderon and Francisco de Lara. Calderon, looking along the table—for he is on that same side—regards them with glances, furtive, almost timid. Very different is the manner of De Lara. At sight of Crozier he suspends the deal, his face suddenly turning pale, while a spark of angry light flashes forth from his eyes. The passionate display is to all appearance unobserved; or, if so, it is attributed to some trifling cause, as annoyance at the game going against him. It is almost instantly over; and the disturbed features of the Monte dealer resume their habitual expression of stern placidity.

The young officers having recovered from their first shock of astonishment, also have restored to them the faculty of speech; and now exchange thoughts, though not about that which so disturbs them. By a sort of tacit understanding it is left to another time, Crozier only saying:

"We'll talk of it when we get aboard ship. That's the place for sailors to take counsel together, with a clear head, such as we want. At this precious minute, I feel like a fish out of water."

"By Jove! so do I!"

"The thing we're both thinking of has so angered me. But let us not bother about it now. I've got something else in my mind. I'm half-mad, and intend *fighting the tiger!*"

"Fighting the tiger! What do you mean by that, Ned?"

"You'll soon see. But if you insist upon it, I'll give you a little preliminary explanation."

"Yes, do. Perhaps I can help you."

"No, you can't. There's only one who can."

"Who is he?"

"It's not a he, but a she; the Goddess of Fortune. I intend soliciting her favors: if she but grant them, I'll smash Mr. De Lara's Monte bank."

"Impossible! There's no probability of your being able to do that."

"Not much probability, I admit. Still there's a possibility. I've seen such a thing done before now. Bold play, and big luck, combined will do it. I'm in for the first; whether I have the last, remains to be seen. In any case, I'll either break the bank, or lose all I've got on me—which by chance is a pretty big stake to begin with. So here goes."

Up to this time their conversation has been carried on in a low tone; no one hearing, or caring to listen to it, all being too much absorbed in their own calculations, to take heed of the bets or combinations of others. If any one gives a glance at them, and sees them engaged in their *sotto-voce* dialogue, it is but to suppose they are discussing which card they had best bet upon—whether the *Sota* or *Caballo;* and whether it would be prudent to risk a whole dollar or limit their lay to the more modest sum of fifty cents.

They who may have been thus conjecturing, with everybody else, are taken by surprise, in fact, somewhat startled, when the older of the two officers bending across the table, tosses a hundred pound Bank of England note upon the baize, with as much nonchalance as if it were but a five-dollar bill.

"Shall I give you checks for it?" asks the croupier, after examining the crisp note — current over all the earth—and knowing it good as gold.

"No," answers Crozier; "not yet. You can give that after the bet's decided—if I win. If not, you can take the note. I place it on the Queen, against the Knave."

The croupier, simply nodding assent, places the note on the Queen.

During the interregnum in which this little incident occurs, the English officers, hitherto scarce noticed, are broadly stared at, and closely scrutinised—Crozier becoming the cynosure of every eye. He stands it with a placid tranquility, which shows him as careless about what they may think of him as he is of his cash. Meanwhile, the cards have had a fresh shuffle, and the deal begins anew; all eyes again turning upon the game, in earnest expectancy; those who, like Crozier, have placed upon the Queen, wishing her to show her face first. And she does.

"*Caballo en la puerta moxo!*" (The Queen in the door wins) cries the dealer, the words drawled out with evident reluctance, while a flash of fierce anger is seen scintillating in his eyes.

"Will you take it in checks?" asks the croupier, addressing himself to Crozier, after settling the smaller bets. "Or shall I pay you in specie?"

"You needn't pay yet. Let the note lie. Only cover it with a like amount. I go it double, and again upon the Queen."

Stakes are reladi—some changed—others left standing or doubled, as Crozier's, which is now a bet for two hundred pounds. On goes the game, the pieces of smooth pasteboard slipping silently from the jewelled fingers of the dealer, whose eye is bent upon the cards, as if he saw through them—or would, if he could. Whatever his wish, he has no power to change the chances. If he have any professional tricks, there is no opportunity for him to practise them. There are too many eyes looking on; too many pistols and bowie-knives around; too many men ready to stop any attempt at cheating, and punish it, if attempted.

Again he is compelled to call out: "*Caballo en la puerta moxo!*"

"Now, sir," says the croupier to Crozier, after settling other scores; "you want your money, I suppose?"

"Not yet. I'm not pressed, and I can afford to wait a little longer. I again go double, and am still contented with my Queen."

The dealing proceeds; with four hundred pounds lying on the Caballo to Crozier's account—and ten times as much belonging to other betters. For now that the luck seems to be running with the English officer, most lay their stakes beside his.

Once again: "*Caballo en la puerta moxo!*" And again Crozier declines to take up his bet.

He has now sixteen hundred pounds sterling upon the card; while the others thoroughly assured that his luck is on the run, double theirs, till the bets against the bank run up to many thousands.

De Lara begins to look anxious, and not a little down-hearted. Still more anxious, and lower in heart, appears one seated on the opposite side—Calderon; for it is his money that is moving away from him. On the contrary, Crozier is as cool as ever, his features set in a rigid determination to do what he promised—break the bank, or lose all he has got about him. The last, not likely yet, for soon again comes the cry: "*The Queen winner!*"

There is a pause longer than usual, for the settling of such a large score; and after it an interval of inaction. The dealer seems inclined to discontinue; for still lying on the Queen is Crozier's stake, once more doubled, and now counting three thousand two hundred pounds! Asked if he intends to let it remain, he replies sneeringly: "Of course I do; I insist upon it. And once more I go for the Queen. Let those who like the Knave better, back him!"

"Go on! Go on!" is the cry around the table, from many voices speaking in tone of demand.

De Lara glances at Calderon furtively, but, to those observing it, with a look of interrogation. Whatever the sign, or answer, it decides him to go on dealing. The bets are again made; to his dismay, almost everybody laying upon the Queen, and, as before, increasing their stakes. And in like proportion is heightened the interest in the game. It is too intense for any display of noisy excitement now. And there is less throughout the saloon: for many from the other tables, as all the saunterers, have collected around, and standing several deep, gaze over one another's shoulders with as much eager earnest as if a man were expiring in the midst.

Ominous call at length comes—not clear voice, or tone exultant, but fee-faw as if wrung reluctantly from the lips of the Monte dealer; for it is again verdict adverse to the bank: "*Gana la puerta moxo!*"

As Lara utters the words, he dashes the pack down, scattering them all over the table. Then rising excitedly from his seat, adds in faltering tone: "Gentlemen I'm sorry to tell you—*the bank's broke!*"

CHAPTER XXII.

A PLUCKY "SPORT."

"*The bank's broke!*"

Ominous words that have oft—too often—staid the ear, and made woe in many a heart.

Hearing them, the gamesters of the El Dorado seated around the Monte table spring to their feet, as if their chairs had suddenly become iron at a white-heat. These simultaneously, as though all were hitched in a chain, elbow and elbow together. But while thus gesturing all livery different is the expression upon their faces. Some simply show surprise; others look incredulous; while not a few give evidence of anger. For an instant there is silence—the surprise, the credulity, the anger, having suspended speech. This throughout the saloon—for all, bar-drinkers as well as gamblers, have caught the last three words spoken by De Lara, and thoroughly understand their import. No longer is heard the chink of ivory checks, or the metallic ring of doubloons and dollars. No longer the thudding down of quarters, nor the jingle of glasses. Instead, a stillness so profound, that one entering at this moment might fancy it a Quakers' meeting, but for the symbols seen around—these, anything but Quakerly. Easier to conceive it a grand gaming-hall represented in wax-work.

Silence is of the shortest—as also the immobility of the figures composing the different groups; only for a half-score secs. Then there is noise enough, and to spare, of gesticulation. A roar arises that resounds through the room; while men rush about wildly, madly, as if the court-yard of a lunatic asylum. Some show anger—those who are losers by the breaking of the bank. Many have won large bets; the stakes still lying on the table, which they know will be paid. The croupier has told them so professing his cash-box cleared out at the last settlement; even this having been effected with the now useless ivory chips.

Some gather up their gold or silver, and stow it in safety; growling, but satisfied that things are no worse. Others are not so lenient. They do not believe there is good cause for the suspension, and insist upon being paid in full. They rail at the proprietor of the bank, adding more. De Lara is the man thus cursed. They see him before them, gaily dressed, glittering with diamonds. They talk of stripping him of his *joutorie*.

"No, gentlemen!" he protests, with a sardonic sneer. "Not that, if you please—not yet. First hear me; and then it will be time for you to strike."

"What have you to say?" demands one with his fists full of ivory counters—the protested checks.

"Only that I'm not the owner of this bank—and never was."

"Who is, then?" ask several at the same time.

"Well; that I can't tell you just now. And what's more, I won't. No; that I won't!"

The gambler says this with emphasis, and an air of sullen determination, that has effect upon his questioners—even the most importunate. For a time, it stays their talk, as well as action. Seeing this, he follows it up with further speech, but more conciliatory. "As I've said, gentlemen, I'm not the owner of the concern; only the dealer of the cards. You ask who's the proprietor of the gambling table. It's natural enough you should want to know. But it's just as natural, that it ain't my business to tell you. If I did, it would be a shabby trick; and I take it, you're all men enough to see it in that light. If there's any who think he can have my card, and call upon me at his convenience. My name's Francisco de Lara—or Frank Lara, if you like, for short. I can be found here, or anywhere else in San Francisco, at such time as may suit anxious inquirers. And if any wants me now, and can't wait, I'm good this minute for pistols across the table. Yes, gentlemen! Any of you who'd like a little amusement of that kind, let him come on! It'll be a change from the Monte. For my part, I'm tired of shuffling cards; and would like to rest my finger on a trigger. Which of you feels disposed to give me the chance? Don't all speak at once!"

No one feels disposed, and no one speaks. At least in hostile tone, or to take up the challenge. Instead, half a score surrounded the "sport," and not only express their admiration of his pluck, but challenge him to an encounter of rinks, not pistols. Turning towards the bar, they vociferate: "Champagne!"

Contented with the turn things have taken, and proud at the volley of invitations, De Lara accepts; and soon the vintage of France is seen effervescing from a dozen tall glasses, and the Monte dealer stands drinking in the midst of his admirers. Other groups draw up to the bar-counter; while two and solitary tipplers fill the spaces between. The Temple of Fortuna is for a time deserted: her worshippers transferring their devotion to the shrine of Bacchus.

A small number, who think they have had play enough for that night, have left the El Dorado for good. Among these are the English officers, whose visit proved so prejudicial to the interests of the place. De Lara, too, and Calderon, with other confederates, have forsaken the saloon. But whither gone, no one knows, or seems to care; for the fortunes of a fallen man soon cease to interest men, who are themselves madly struggling to mount up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SUPPER CARTE-BLANCHE.

On parting from the El Dorado, Crozier and Cadwallader do not go directly aboard the Crusader. They know that their boat will be awaiting them at the place appointed. But the appointment is for a later hour, and as the breaking of the Monte bank, with the incidents attendant, occupied but a short half-hour, there will be time for them to see a little more of San Franciscan life—perhaps the last chance they may have during their stay in the port. They have fallen in with several other young officers, naval like themselves, though not of their own ship, nor yet their own navy, or nation; but belonging to one; cognate and kindred—Americans. Through the freemasonry of their common profession, with these they have fraternised; and it is agreed they shall all sup together. Crozier has invited the Americans to a repast the most *recherche*, as it is the costliest, that can be obtained at the grandest hotel in San Francisco, the Parker House. He adds humourously, that he is able to stand the treat. And well he may; since, besides the English money with which he entered the El Dorado, he has brought thousands of dollars out of it, which would have been more had all the ivory checks been honored. As it is, all his pockets are filled with notes and gold; as also those of Cadwallader, who helps him to carry the coin. Part of the heavy metal he has been able to change into the more portable form of bank-notes. Yet the two are still heavily weighted—"laden like hucksters' donkeys!" jokingly remarks Cadwallader, as they proceed towards the Parker.

A private room is engaged; and, according to promise, Crozier bespeaks a repast of the most sumptuous kind, with *carte-blanche* for the best wines—champagne at three guineas a bottle, hock the same, and South-side Madeira still more. What difference to him? The supper ordered in the double-quick, soon makes his appearance. Sooner in San Francisco than in any other city of the world; in better style too, and better worth the money! for the Golden City excels in the science of gastronomy. Even then, amidst her canvas sheds, and weather-boarded houses, could be obtained dishes of every kind known to Christendom, or Pagandom: the *cuisine* of France, Spain, and Italy; the roast beef of Old England, as the pork and beans of the New; the gumbo of Guinea, and sauerkraut of Germany, side by side with the swallow's-nest soup and sea-slugs of China. Had Lucullus but lived in these days, he would have forsaken the banks of the Tiber, and made California his home.

The repast furnished by the Parker House, however splendid, has to be speedily despatched, for, unfortunately, time forbids the leisurely enjoyment of the viands, to a certain extent marring the pleasure of the occasion. All the officers, American as English, have to be on their respective ships at the stroke of twelve. Reluctantly breaking up their hilarious company, they prepare to depart. They have forsaken the supper-room, and passed on to the outer saloon of the hotel, like all such, furnished with a drinking-bar. Before separating, and while buttoning up against the chill night-air, Crozier calls out:

"Come, gentlemen; one more glass—the stirrup-cup."

In San Francisco this is always the wind-up to a night of revelry. No matter how much wine has been quaffed, the carousal is not deemed complete without a last "statutory" drink taken standing at the bar. Giving way to the Californian custom, the officers range themselves along the marble slab, bending over which, the polite bar-keeper asks:

"What is it to be, gentlemen?"

There is a moment of hesitation, the gentlemen, already well wined, scarce know what to call for. Crozier cuts the Gordian knot by proposing:

"A round of punches *a la Romaine!*"

Universal assent to this delectable drink—as all know, just the thing for a night-cap. Soon the cooling beverage, compounded with snow from the Sierra Nevada, appears upon the counter, in huge glasses, piled high with the sparkling crystals, a spoon surmounting each, for punch *a la Romaine* is not to be drunk, but eaten. Shoveling it down in haste, adieus are exchanged by a hearty shaking of hands, when the American officers go off, leaving Crozier and Cadwallader in the saloon. These only stay to settle the account.

While standing by the bar, waiting for it to be brought, they cast a glance around the room. At first careless, it soon becomes concentrated on a group seen at some distance off, near one of the doors leading out, of which there are several. There are also several other groups; for the saloon is of large dimensions, besides being the most popular place of resort in San Francisco—and for San Francisco the hour is not late. Along the line of the drinking-bar, and over the white sanded floor are some scores of people of all qualities and kinds, in almost every variety of costume.

They who compose the party that has attracted the attention of the English officers show nothing particular—that is, to the eye of one unacquainted with them. There are four of them, two wearing broadcloth cloaks, the other two having their shoulders shrouded under serapes. Nothing in all that. The night is cold, indeed wet, and they are close to the door, to appearance intended soon to step out. They have only paused to exchange a parting word, as they designed to separate before issuing into the street.

Though the spot where they stand is in shadow—a folding screen separating it from the rest of the saloon—and it is not easy to get sight of their faces—the difficulty increased by broad-brimmed hats set slouchingly on their heads, with their cloaks and serapes drawn up around their throats—Crozier and Cadwallader have not only seen, but recognised them.

A glance at their countenances, caught before the muffling was made, enabled the young officers to identify three of them as De Lara, Calderon, and the *ci-devant* croupier of the Monte bank. The fourth, whose face they have also seen, is a personage not known to them; but, judging by his features, a suitable associate for the other three. Soon as catching sight of them, which he is the first to do, Crozier whispers to his companion:

"See, Will! Look yonder! Our friends from the El Dorado!"

"By Jove! them, sure enough! Do you think they're following us?"

"I shouldn't wonder. I was only surprised they didn't do something when they had us in their gambling den. After the heavy draw I made on Mr. Lara's bank, I expected no less than that he'd try to renew his acquaintance with me; all the more from his having been so free of it in the morning. Instead, he and his friend seem to have studiously avoided coming near us—not even casting a look in our direction. That rather puzzles me."

"It needn't. After what you gave him, I should think he'll feel shy of another encounter."

"No; that's not it. Blackleg though the fellow be, he's got game in him. He gave proof of it in the El Dorado, defying and backing everybody out. It was an exhibition of real courage, Will; and to tell the truth, I couldn't help admiring it—can't now. When I saw him presiding over a gambling table, and dealing out the cards, I at once made up my mind that it would never do to meet him—even if he challenged me. Now I've decided differently; and if he call me out, I'll give him a chance to recover a little of his lost reputation. I will, upon my honor."

"But why should you? A 'sport,' a professional gambler! The thing would be simply ridiculous."

"Nothing of the kind — not here in California. On the contrary, I should cut a more ridiculous figure by refusing him satisfaction. It remains to be seen whether he'll seek it according to the correct code."

"That he won't; at least I don't think he will. From the way the four have got their heads together, it looks as if they meant mischief now. They may have been watching their opportunity to get us two alone. What a pity we didn't see them before our friends went officers, and would have stood by us."

"No doubt they would. But it's too late now. They're beyond hailing distance. They're good fellows, those Yankee officers, and we must take care of ourselves. Get your dirk ready, Will, and have your hand close to the butt of one of Mr. De Lara's shooting-irons."

"I have it that way. Never fear. Wouldn't it be a good joke if I have to give the fellow a pill out of one of his own pistols?"

"No joking matter to us, if they are meditating an attack. Though we disarmed him in the morning, he'll be freshly provided, and with weapons in plenty. I'll warrant each of the four has a battery concealed under his cloak. They appear as if they're concocting some scheme, which we'll soon know all about—likely before leaving the room. Certainly, they're up to something."

"Four hundred and ninety dollars, gentlemen!"

The financial statement is made by the bar-keeper, presenting the bill.

"There!" cries Crozier, flinging down a five hundred dollar bill. "Let that settle it. You can keep the change for yourself."

"Thank ye," drily responds the Californian dispenser of drinks.

Turning to take departure, the young officers again look across the saloon to learn how the hostile party has disposed itself. To their surprise, the gamblers are gone, having disappeared while the account was being receipted.

"I don't like the look of it," says Crozier, in a whisper. "Less now than ever. No doubt we'll find them outside. Well; we can't stay here all night. If they attack us, we must do our best. Take a firm grip of your pistol, with your finger close to the trigger; and if any of them shows sign of shooting, see that you fire first. Follow me; and keep close."

On the instant of delivering these injunctions, Crozier starts towards the door, his companion following as directed. Both sally out, and for a while stand gazing around them. People they see in numbers, some lounging by the hotel porch, others passing along the street. But none in cloaks or *serapes*. The gamblers must have gone clear away.

"After all, we may have been wronging them," remarks Crozier, as in his nature, giving way to a generous impulse. "I can hardly think that a fellow who has shown such courage would play the assassin. Maybe they were putting their heads together about challenging us. If that's it, we may expect to hear from them in the morning. It looks all right. Anyhow, we can't stay dallying here. If we're not aboard by eight bells, old Bracebridge'll masthead us. Let's heave along, my hearty!"

So saying, the senior officer leads off, Cadwallader close on his quarter—both a little unsteady in their steps, partly from being loaded with the spoils of El Dorado, and partly from the effects of the Parker House wines, and punches *a la Romaine*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN GENIUS. MOODY & SANKEY.

The great revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who electrified staid old England with their eloquence and enthusiasm, are fair samples of American genius. Springing from among the common people, their sympathies are alive to the wants of *the whole people*, and herein lies the secret of their great success. Those who seek to be popular must study and be familiar with the wants of the masses, and prove loyal thereto. To this fact we may trace the grand success in business, as well as in religious undertakings, which many Americans have achieved. Strikingly illustrative of these suggestions is that great establishment, located at Buffalo, N. Y., and known as the "World's Dispensary"—a most appropriate name, indeed, for that vast institution, within whose walls are manufactured remedies which are in demand in every quarter of the globe, and at which a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeons, under the personal direction of Dr. Pierce, are constantly administering to the needs of thousands of sufferers everywhere, and whose success in the treatment of all forms of chronic ailments has become so well known that there is scarcely a hamlet in the land in which his name is not familiar. Its proprietor, says the *Herald and Torchlight*, of Detroit, "*is a man of the people*, writes for them, and to them tenders his eminent professional services." His advertisements are earnest exhortations. Like the great revivalists, his enthusiasm is multiplied by the unparalleled success of his enterprise, as well as by the efficacy of his remedies in curing disease. *The people believe in him* and his remedies, because, as the New York *Tribune* says, "he sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attainments." Hence Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to-day more largely employed as a blood and liver medicine, and also as a cough remedy, than any other remedial agent in the world. His Favorite Prescription, he does not recommend as a "cure-all," as is so often done by compounders of worthless, humbug nostrums, but for all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women it has proved itself so much of a specific that it now enjoys great popularity and universal confidence. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, "scarcely larger than mustard seed," have proved so agreeable and reliable as a cathartic that they are rapidly taking the place of the large, nauseous pills heretofore so much in use; while his Compound Extract of Smart-weed is a favorite remedy for Colic, Cramps, Summer-complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, and also as a liniment. Of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, little need be said, as they are known everywhere as the greatest specifics for Catarrh and "cold in the head," ever given to the public. And besides this large measure of success, Dr. Pierce seem likely to achieve as great renown as an author as he has as a physician. His COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER, a book of about 900 pages, which he sells at the unparalleled low price of $1.50, has already been sold to the extent of exhausting two editions amounting to forty thousand copies. The secret of Dr. Pierce's success, as well as that of the great revivalists, and scores of other Americans, who by their genius have advanced step by step from obscurity to affluence and distinction, consists in treating the people with consideration, sympathy, candor, and honesty. No man, who hopes to attain either wealth or distinction, can *afford* to deal unfairly with the world or be indifferent to the wants and best interests of humanity.

RECEIPTS.

SILVERWARE.—Silverware may be kept bright and clean by coating the article (warmed) with a solution of collodion diluted with alcohol.

ROASTING COFFEE.—Coffee should never be roasted darker than a chestnut brown. When the color approaches to black it gives a burned, dry flavor to the infusion.

FOR BLEACHING CLOTHES.—One ounce borax, eight quarts water, three pounds of soap. Put the borax in the water and let it boil. After it boils, add the soap in small pieces.

HOW TO KEEP LEMONS.—A splendid way to keep lemons in hot weather is to cut them in slices and mix white sugar with them. Put in a glass jar, cover well with sugar, and paper securely.

TO CLEAN GOLD.—To clean gold, powder some whiting and make it into a moist paste with some sal volatile. Cover over the gold ornaments and surface with a soft brush; let it dry, and then brush it off with a moderately hard brush.

A NEW YORK man has cured himself of the habit of tobacco chewing by tasting an apple every time he felt inclined to partake of the weed. He had been a constant user of tobacco for seventeen years, but the fruit worked an effectual cure.

THE following is said to be a never-failing cure for earache: Take a bit of cotton-batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Use raw onions mashed. Put them in a muslin sack and apply to the throat and chest warm. Change them when dry until the cough is loosened. Give syrup of ipecac every day, and keep the patient in an even temperature. A relapse may be treated in the same way. Mothers, do not forget this simple remedy if you would save your child unnecessary suffering.

A CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—We do not generally give receipts in cookery, but being Christmas time we thought a good receipt for making an English Christmas Plum Pudding would be acceptable to at least some of our readers. Here it is: Pick and stone one pound of the best Malaga raisins, which put in a basin, with one pound of currants (well washed, dried, and picked), a pound and a half of good beef suet (chopped, but not too fine), three quarters of a pound of white or brown sugar, two ounces of candied lemon and orange peel, two ounces of candied citron, six ounces of flour, and a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, with a little grated nutmeg; mix the whole well together, with eight whole eggs and a little milk. Have ready a plain or ornamented pudding-mould, well butter the interior, pour the above mixture into it, cover a sheet of paper over, tie the mould in a cloth, put the pudding into a large stew pan containing boiling water, and let it boil quite fast for four hours and a half (or it may be boiled by merely tying it in a pudding-cloth previously well floured, forming the shape by laying the cloth in a round-bottomed basin, and pouring the mixture in: it will make no difference in the time required for boiling). When done, take it out of the cloth, turn from the mould upon your dish, sprinkle a little powdered sugar over, and serve with the following sauce in a boat: Put the yolks of three eggs in a stewpan, with a spoonful of powdered sugar, add a gill of milk; mix well together, add a little lemon peel, and stir over the fire until becoming thickish (but do not let it boil), when add two glasses of brandy, and serve separate. The above sauce may be served poured over the pudding, if approved of. An excellent improvement to a plum pudding is to use half a pound of beef marrow, cut into small dice, omitting the same quantity of suet.

If there any of our readers who have not tried Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) we advise them to give it one trial, for their own sake. Have your grocer get it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

— The English Government has purchased the Suez canal.

— During the year 1874, the trade of England with the United States, amounted to $510,000,000.

— Desertion from the German armies is said to be increasing, last year 32,418 men were missing.

— The Bible is now printed in no fewer than two hundred and ten languages. In 1804 it was printed in only fifty.

— There are enrolled in the United States, about 9,000,000 school children. The average daily attendance is only 4,500,000.

— The total cost of the postal service during the last fiscal year was $25,353,360, being $48,688 less than that of the preceding year.

— The number of vessels equipped at the United States navy yards during the past year was 110, at an expense of $415,863.

— In spite of the reputed efforts of St. Patrick to banish snakes from Ireland, one of those animals has lately been captured there.

— Australian advices state that the Colonial Rifle Team of New South Wales will leave early next year for Philadelphia, to take part in the Centennial matches.

— According to a return just issued, it appears that 24,000 British soldiers are found sufficient to garrison the whole of the British possessions, with the exception of India.

— According to the annual report of General Benet, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, the strength of the organised militia of the United States is 84,724, and the unorganized 3,701,977.

— Gen. John Pope reports to the Department the result of his census of Indians in the United States, except Alaska, as follows: civilized, 100,000; semi-civilized, 135,000; barbarous, 81,000.

— The acting Vice-President, Thomas W. Ferry, of Michigan, is one of the younger members of the United States Senate, and is a business man, being a large lumber dealer of the Northwest.

— A number of influential ladies in London have a movement on foot for improving the condition of the needle women in that city. A reduction of working hours with better pay is sought for, and a protection society has been formed to further the movement.

— Henry J. Byron is expected to visit America during 1876, with Mr. George Coleman and Miss Emily Fowler. They are to proceed in July on a tour through the States, returning to the London Olympic about Christmas next year.

— Massachusetts has had three of her citizens fill the position of Vice-President of the United States—John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, and Henry Wilson. The last two died during their term of office, at Washington. Mr. Gerry, November 23d, 1814, and Henry Wilson, November 22d, 1875.

— A distinguished railroad official received an invitation to a golden wedding recently, on which were inscribed the mystic R. S. V. P. He sent back word he didn't know what those letters were for, but if they meant "Refreshments served very promptly," he should surely be on hand.

— A grand agricultural and industrial exposition of the products of the Gulf States, to be held at New Orleans in February, has been resolved upon by the people of the Crescent City, a fact which tends to show that the city, in its business aspect, merits the title it bears, with the word crescent in its radical sense.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Hots, Coughs, Hide-Bound, Colds, etc., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, etc., in Cattle. Price, Twenty-five Cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Worthless Imitations

Of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Dec. 25, 1875.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
O. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—202 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming; he is close at hand—old Father Christmas—the dear old friend, so old yet so young, weighted with well nigh nineteen centuries, and still as hale, as blithe, and certainly as welcome as ever. In what guise he will come we cannot yet make out; only his outline is as yet within our vision. Whether he will put on his snow-white cloak and wear his chaplet of ice wreathed with cedar and holly, or whether he will wear a grayer suit of haze and mist, wrapping his head in leaden clouds, or whether he will be gay with sunshine and bracing airs, or whether he will bare his disheveled locks to the blustering winds, who can tell? He has freaks in the matter whereby he seems to take delight in baffling human foresight. But in whatever guise he may come, his heart is always the same—genial, mirthsome, generous, tender—and he never fails to bring with him associations, to evoke sentiments, to give play to affections, and to stimulate to kindly and disinterested deeds, which make the world happier for his yearly visit. We rejoice to greet his return, for experience has taught us that as we are towards Christmas, Christmas is towards us—never less loving than we, generally more so.

Christmas brings with it a thousand delights, and it possesses a thousand uses that minister to our better nature, and deserve to live in the remembrance of all whom homely joys and home-felt attachments have power to charm. Pleasant recollections return with it; happy hours, passed away indeed, but whose memory is yet green in our hearts, associate themselves with its presence. It is sanctified to our domestic affections, and the lamp of love would burn but dimly were not the oil of gladness poured into it on anniversaries like these. Our outer world is a cold and cheerless world; it has no soil in which the loves of the heart can take root and flourish; hence, when a man passes into it, and mingles with its business and its strifes, his affections fade and wither, and too often die.

But it is the beautiful use of the festival of Christmas to bring him back again to old thoughts and old associations, to revive affections that are drooping, and to make him feel how far nobler and better a passion is love than ambition. Disinterestedness and kindliness spring up under the influences which it breathes, and in its atmosphere enmities should fade away and die. Which of us is not, to some extent at least, stirred by the associations which the day brings with it? And, we may add, stirred to a more considerate and tender interest in the welfare of others. "It is, indeed," as Washington Irving has well put it, "the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart."

Let it be borne in mind that "it is better to give than receive." There is no happiness equal to that of diffusing happiness; and in ministering to the needs of those who want, we taste the purest happiness known on earth, that of unselfish benevolence. A capital opportunity of testing this truth is within reach.

The most enjoyable thing about Christmas is the effort which it encourages to make the sore-spirited merry. All the associations, all the ceremonies, all the customs which have grouped themselves around this holiday of holidays tend to inspire in the bosom an inclination, and to impart to the will an impulse, freely to use the blessings which are ours in communicating a share of them to those who have them not.

And now we proffer to our many friends and readers—what shall we say?—"the compliments of the season?"—a too frigid, if polite, interpretation of our feelings—no; but the homely, honest, hearty, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" We wish that to all and each of them in its broadest meaning—pleasant family gatherings, pleasant renewals of friendship, pleasant interminglings of affection at the family board, and an overflowing of that love and joy which are best fitted to do honor to this festival.

Every individual should bear in mind that he is sent into this world to act a part in it, and though one may have a more splendid, and another a more obscure part assigned him, yet the actor of each is equally responsible.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WALTER SEDWIN.

'Twas only Fancy, you must understand,
That gave creation to the merry band
Of elves that figure in the lines below—
Bright little creatures, such as children know—
And drew the scene with moonlight all aglow.

'Twas merry Christmas Eve. The frosty air
Was rife with music from a belfry near,
Loud clanging joyously in glad refrain
That made the life-blood madly course again,
As on the sward of green, bedobed in snow,
Lithe dainty forms began to flock, I trow,
Ere 'neath the crescent moonlight's flooding rays
Their dance commenced, in strange fantastic ways.
A joyous troupe, from fairyland, I ween.
Save one, of mien sedate, the Elfin Queen,
Who waved her wand and bade their revels cease,
For they had work on hand that must decrease
Ere dawned the morning, joyful day of peace
On earth, and to all men good-will.
The crowd
Of merry roysterers obeyed the loud
Behests that followed, and from stores unseen
Each staggered 'neath a load upon the scene;
A package large of Christmas cheer had each,
Intended soon some other hands to reach.
Then spoke their Queen in accents full of grace:
"Go, one and all, and Hunger's footsteps trace;
Each leave his burden whence the cry of need
Ascends to Heaven."

He who runs may read
The simple moral in these lines contained,
For by a word the mystery's explained;
The name by which the Elfin Queen was known,
Fair Charity, of ancient lore renown:
And, if the store of Plenty should be yours,
Forget not those who hunger near your doors.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

Christmas! Christos Anesti! And shall we not this day take each other by the hand, and proclaim this wonderful happiness, Christos Anesti!

How vividly come the pictures of the long ago, with this Christmas Day. How the sweet songs of David whisper through our souls, "a tree planted by the Rivers of Water," and Bethlehem, embosomed in fig and olive orchards, overlooking the valley across which the wise men of the East came to find Jesus. Away yonder the hills where the shepherds "watched their flocks by night," and in those fields gentle Ruth gleaned, little dreaming, in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers, would arise such events to the human race—that her shepherd grandchild should be a King, and the father of a mightier one, and still on descending, there should come one, a King, and a "man of sorrow," who knew the true of life, the true secret of peace, and taught it in saying: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Christmas! Another milestone in life, another in the long lane of memory, grown gray and damp with the passage of years. Christmas, marking the beginning of a Era for mankind, and the portal through which the new year will enter with light and buoyant step. The dial of months, days and hours has been passed, and the finger is rapidly approaching the mark of years again. And the events are gathering. War has been close in pursuit of Peace; Avarice with clenched hand, and Prodigality with open purse, each seized a hand of Plenty. Sickness, with pallid cheek, crept unawares to the side of Health. Misery and Povery with squalid mien followed close behind gay, smiling Pleasure. Jealousy sheltered beneath the wing of Love. Despondency trod fast in the footsteps of Hope. Envy caught the robe of Content, and Melancholy, in sombre garb and tearful eye, drew near to Cheerfulness, while Death, with uplifted dart, armed with all his terrors, stalked silently behind. Something of this picture we can take to our own hearts.

What a day this Christmas, to put it all aside, stand in the solemn presence of the church and cry Christos Anesti! "Peace on earth, good will to all mankind." What a day to forget and forgive; to stoop and write our judgments in the sand; to make amends; to re-awaken sundered friendships; to meet with proffered hand those who may have wronged us; to freely grant those we may have been wrong; to stand not in the way of reconciliation.

When we have accomplished this, we shall have hearts attuned to the fullest enjoyment of the season, and can gladly welcome the New Year so closely following in the wake of the Christmas season. Little humanities date their lives from certain epochs. Christmas is always an objective point after the Fourth of July. Children live from one to the other expectantly. Tired of the childish dissipation of the National holiday, they turn away towards Christmas, and grow impatient at the slow passage of days.

The first sight of toys in a shop window is the signal for wild, almost uncontrolable childish enthusiasm. The heart, unused to defeat, untouched as yet with the searing iron of disappointed anticipation, fastens upon these objects and their possession, the alpha and omega of a child's life.

Those above the child-level, and busy with the events of life, are sometimes prone to forget their own childish experience, and scold children because they are not more mature. Nothing can be more wrong than this. You can wound a child's sensibility easily, and a child feels the defeats and disappointments of its little span of life quite as forcibly, as keenly as those which come to human nature of maturer years. You see it in the humid eye, in the quavering lip, the broken, suppressed sob, and when very great, in the sudden outburst.

Give the child its Christmas present, and in the giving interweave a lesson that shall teach it the importance to mankind of that glad sound, "Christos Anesti!"

TO AGENTS.

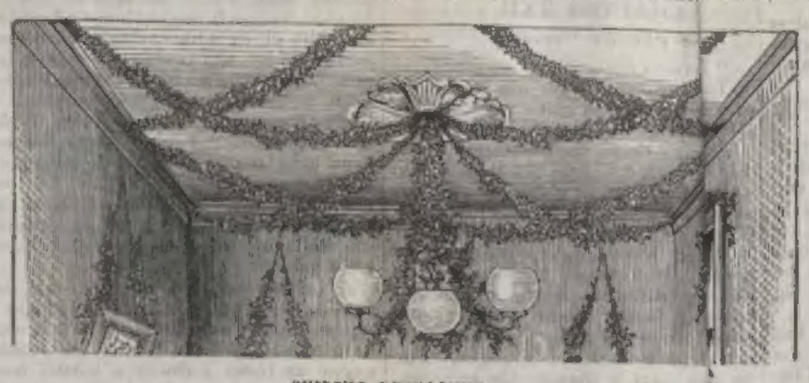
In order to give every one a chance to work for the Saturday Evening Post who wishes to do so, without buying the $3.00 outfit, and to furnish an outfit Free to every one who will work for us, we make the following exceedingly liberal offer:

We will send a Mounted Chromo, with sample copies of paper and subscription book to any one pledging themselves to act as an Agent for the Post, on receipt of one dollar, and as soon as the names of five subscribers are sent to us, we will give credit for the dollar. Any of our General Agents will do the same, see Notice at top of this column.

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY JAMES VICK.

Decorations for the house require to be much lighter than for church or any large building. A simple light wreath attached to the cornice has a very pleasant appearance, even if nothing more is done, but a little trimming around the windows and doors add but little to the labor, and gives a completeness to the work that more than compensates for any extra trouble. The engraving shows a portion of a room pretty elaborately



CEILING FESTOONED.

trimmed, and yet all the work is light, and the effect would be pleasing. If the ceiling is not too low, a few wreaths or festoons suspended from the cornice and looped up in the centre, somewhat as shown in the engraving, is desirable for full decoration. The gas fixtures should also receive a little attention.

Wreaths can be made more cheerful by putting in bunches of red berries at short intervals; or, the red and yellow everlasting flowers, which are sent over in such quantities from Germany, and are used exclusively for this and such like purposes.

Paper flowers give a bright and cheerful look, but we do not particularly like them. Seen by daylight they are apt to give a tawdry look to the whole, but at night they are particularly ornamental.

In arranging these flowers in the wreaths, the placing of the different colors should be taken into consideration, not because of a possible disagreement, but because their powers of reflecting light are by no means uniform; thus blue is lost in the distance before red, and yellow is seen at a distance at which red would disappear. Colors, however, do not decline in force so much by height as by horizontal distance; the reason of this being that the upper at-

PICTURE TRIMMED WITH IVY.

mosphere is less dense and clouded with vapor.

We need not go any further into the science of color; thus much is necessary, because the wreaths will still look dull if white and yellow flowers are not frequently interspersed with others of less reflective power.

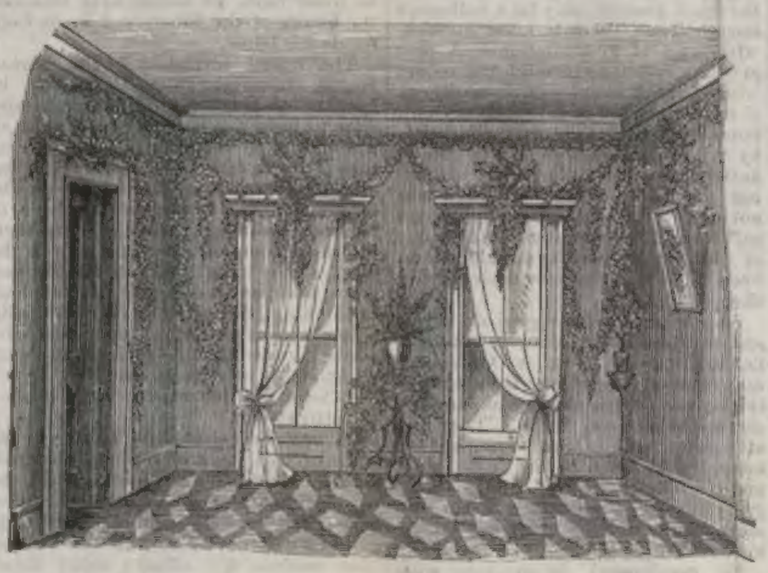
One more device by which to brighten up the leaves; and to gain this effect a visit must first be paid to some glass-works, where must be begged or bought

WINDOW CURTAIN DECORATED.

a few ounces of ground glass. This is a miscellaneous mixture of bits of all colors which fall to the ground when the glass is cut. Brush gum over the leaves and scatter the powdered glass on to them. The cost of the artifice is trifling; the effect is magical. The wreath sparkles and glitters with many-colored hues in the most radiant manner.

It is so much the fashion nowadays to have a multiplicity of mural decorations, especially in our parlors, that we should suggest geometrical tracings for this purpose. These can be formin outline of flat bands of leaves, inner part to be in colored ground red or blue, with a monogram in theatre, or some other small device formof rice or composed of very small ivysettes. Or the outside border may bade of stiff cardboard, which havingin covered over with thin red unglapaper, can be then studded with smasettes, and the centre part filled in evergreen leaves.

There are some handsome lasting flowers, of which extrempretty round wreaths can be made which



PARLOR TRIMMED.

we mean a circlet of flowersth no centre; these are suitable for wingroom ornaments; there is alsi very graceful feather grass, *Stipa nata*, which adds much to the beautydrawing-room decorations.

In countries where the ivy gs wild it is used freely for decorative poses, and being an evergreen it can botained at all seasons. In America does not succeed so well, but still often be obtained, as it flourishes abantly in the house with even half aance, making a most rapid growth. Ieaves are so beautiful, and contrast finely with our common evergreens thalittle ivy should be procured, if possibland used where it will produce the ost effect. The engraving shows thappearance of a picture frame trimed with ivy, and all can realize the ect produced by two or three pictureaus ornamented, in a room decorated ith the common evergreens usually uesfor this purpose. *Smilax* surpasses erything we are acquainted with for derative purposes. It is so light in aparance, of such a clear, glossy greenhat for trimming dresses or the hair, orurtains, or any light material, we knc of nothing in the world its equal. Ouengraving shows a curtain trimmedith this beautiful plant. It is a climing vine, growing to a great length, ancan be bought of florists by the yard It succeeds well in the house, and mbe grown either from bulbs or seeds.

Culture of Bulbs.—It is inthe house, in the winter, that Bulbs ford the greatest pleasure. A few dozenHyacinths, Tulips, Crocusses, etc., willfurnish useful recreation for months. Fom the planting of the Bulbs, until thelast flower has faded, there is continuexcitement. The unfolding of each laf and bud is watched with the most pasurable and unabated interest by all members of the family. By the exercise of a little taste a great deal of pasure can be derived from the cultivaion of Bulbs in water, and at very little ost. The Duc Van Thol Tulips may be grwn in ornamental pots, or in basket or boxes of any form. A very satisfactory arrangement is to obtain a common shallow box and ornament it with sticks or bark, and fill it with sandy esth, mixed with moss finely broken op. Then plant a row or two of Crocuse on the outside, and fill up with Tulips, Narcissus, Hyacinths, etc., makin a miniature bulb garden. After plantog, the whole can be covered with mss, such as is found on logs in damp wods. The plants will find their way throgh the moss.

Another very good plan is to hav a box, similar to the one described, fi a kind of little nursery or reserve. Fl it almost entirely with broken up mss, with a very little sandy soil. Plant his with Crocuses, Hyacinths, etc., and kep it in any convenient, pretty cool rom, where it will not freeze. As fast as he plants come into flower you can tke them up and place them in glassesof water, and thus keep up a supply for he parlor or sitting-room for a long tise. If preferred, these Bulbs, when in flower, can be placed in pots or baskts filled with damp moss. In fact, thy can be used in almost any way desired, and will be found to produce the greatest satisfaction, furnishing flowers for a long time. If placed in moss, it must be kept constantly moist, or the flowes will suffer.

Bulbs, when flowered in the hous, should be kept in as moderately cool a room as possible. If placed in a livin room, with a temperature of from 70 to 75 degrees, they will bloom too early, and the flowers will soon fade. A good arrangement is to keep them in a parlor or some spare room not frequently used, and which is usually kept pretty cool. They will then mature slowly and keep in perfection a long time. A few may be brought into the sitting-room, placed on the dining table occasionally, or even taken to church, for special occasions, where floral decorations may be needed, and returned to their places as soon as possible. In this way a bulb can be made to do long service. Nearly all failures result from keeping plants in too dry an atmosphere and too high a temperature.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The Christmas season is so peculiarly the period of the year most delightful to children that the joy of it is known in its completeness only by those who have children of their own to watch and gratify, or those who minister to the pleasure of children not their own—the poor and neglected little waifs of society, to whom even the rudest of the gifts of affection are at other times unknown.

The delight of making Christmas gifts to children, as we all have experienced, rests largely in the fact that the little ones take them almost as if from God himself, as they take all that we have to offer them, mindful only of the affection which they can give in return. They have no other return to make for our gratification. The satisfaction of the giver is found in the joy he so easily causes. A trifling expenditure, a little forethought, and the home is bright with happy young faces, and echoing with happy young voices.

So, too, if we carry our thoughts and gifts to homes beyond our own, and to children whose only claim on our regard is that they are children, and are less tenderly cared for than those who daily gather about our knees, we can brighten our own hearts at the same time that we bring joy to others.

Thackeray says in one of his pathetic chapters:

"Oh, brother, let us help the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend without exacting the usury of gratitude."

Such help and lending we must always give to childhood; but no cynic, even, who has once offered them to the appealing eyes of the little ones, has ever failed of his abundant reward.

Let us, therefore, do what we can to gladden the wide-open eyes of all the youngsters, on Christmas morning, with the sight of the wonderful gifts with which he has filled even the most darned of stockings. The merriment that laughs in our own little one's eyes will then reflect for us the general joy of childhood on the birthday of Him who gathered the children about Him and blessed them.

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made arrangements with the publishers, whereby we are able to offer the Post and any of the following periodicals at a greatly reduced price from what they would cost if taken separately. The list comprises the very choicest newspapers and magazines of all classes in the country, agricultural, religious and literary, and will afford our readers the best opportunity they can obtain of securing one or more of these publications at the cheapest rates. In case two or more of these besides the Post are wanted by one person, by getting a neighbor to take the extra Post, they can be secured.

Any of the following publications will be supplied, *in connection with* The Post, on receipt of the sum named *in addition* to the regular rates given for The Post.

	Regular Price.	Our Price.
Daily Graphic,	$12.00	$11.00
Littell's Living Age,	8.00	7.00
Christian Union,	3.20	2.40
Frank Leslie's Weekly,	4.00	3.20
Harper's Monthly,	4.00	3.00
" Weekly,	4.00	3.00
" Bazaar,	4.00	3.00
Nation,	5.20	4.35
Appleton's Journal,	4.00	3.00
Atlantic Monthly,	4.00	3.00
American Agriculturist,	1.60	1.00
American Agriculturist (German Edition),	1.60	1.00
Godey's Lady Book,	3.15	2.50
Hearth and Home,	2.50	2.00
Independent,	3.20	2.65
N. Y. Tribune Weekly,	2.00	1.35
Scribner's Monthly,	4.00	3.00
Galaxy,	4.00	3.00
N. Y. Evening Post,	1.50	1.00
St. Nicholas,	3.00	2.60
Youth's Companion,	1.75	1.15
Floral Cabinet,	1.30	1.00
Nursery,	1.60	1.20

The amount to be sent includes postage on both papers.

The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest family paper in America—the first number having been issued August 4, 1821—is a first-class journal, having kept pace with the times, and the publishers, Reed, Wickersham & Co., promise to their thousands of readers that during the coming year it will not be excelled by any other literary paper. The brilliant array of contributors secured would indicate there is no idle boast in the above promise. A splendid chromo, 19x25—De Soto, or the Discovery of the Mississippi—copied from the celebrated painting in the dome of the national capitol at Washington, is given to each subscriber, while the terms for one year—including chromo, mounted, only $3.50—without chromo, $3.00.—*Clinton Republican, Lock Haven, Pa., November 24, 1875.*

The Saturday Evening Post has eight pages of closely printed reading matter, and is made up of such a variety of entertaining, instructive and useful matter that it is immediately established a favorite in whatever family it enters. There is something to suit the youngest, the oldest, the gravest and the gayest of readers in its columns, while the departments specially intended for the housekeeper, the receipts, etc., are alone worth the price of the paper. Two or three continued stories, interesting in their construction and moral in their teaching, are always in its pages, and, as a whole, it is justly esteemed one of the best family papers published in the country.—*Morning Herald, Allentown, Pa., Nov. 24, 1875.*

Children.—In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word and action. But when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotton by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches, even to those we love best. How delightful to us, then, are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

If we had not our trials, the pleasures of this sublunary scene would render us forgetful of another world.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

The flag that waved over Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, during the British bombardment in 1814, and which suggested to Key the composition of "The Star Spangled Banner," is now owned by Mrs. Georgianna Armistead Appleton, of Boston, daughter of Colonel Armistead, who commanded the bombardment. The banner, which is much torn, is now on board the United States Steamer, Tallapoosa, lying at Portsmouth, N. H., and will be exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

A very interesting exhibit at the Centennial will be specimen numbers of every serial periodical, daily, weekly, or monthly, published in the United States. When it is known that in the States there are more newspapers and other periodical publications issued than in the rest of the world, one can readily conceive the vastness of such an exhibition. This great branch of the World's Fair will be assigned to space in the Main Exhibition building, or a building will be constructed for that particular purpose. The Centennial Commission, or rather its Executive Committee, has been assured of the success of this enterprise by those who are able to carry it out.

Arrangements are being made for the erection of a dairy on the Centennial grounds, the concession for which having been granted to the Dairymen's Association of Philadelphia. A rustic building is to be erected near the Horticultural Building under the shade of trees, the basement of the dairy to be sunk below the ground and constantly supplied with ice. It will be arranged with regard to cleanliness, and the purity of the article supplied, which will be furnished to visitors in every variety in which it is capable of being consumed, viz.: milk, cream, butter, cottage cheese, ice cream, etc., all of which will be served by dairymaids in Swiss costume. The Dairymen's Association have given special attention to this matter and propose to make it a creditable representation of this great national product.

Apropos of our Centennial Celebration, the following figures compiled by Baron de Lapeyrouse in the *Economiste Francais*, giving some of the statistics of the great exhibitions of London, Paris, and Vienna, will possess special interest. The London Exhibition of 1851, which lasted 141 days, attracted 6,039,195 visitors, who paid for entrance £424,-222. That of Paris, in 1855, which continued for about 200 days, was visited by 5,162,330 persons, who paid entrance fees to the amount of £128,119. The International Exhibition of London of 1862 was open for 171 days, the visitors numbered 6,211,103, and the entrance fees amounted to £402,530. The Paris Exhibition of 1867, open for 217 days, was visited by 8,805,991 persons, who paid for entrance £420,315. The last of the great exhibitions, that of Vienna, in 1873, remained open for 186 days, the number of visitors 5,740,500, and the entrance money amounted to £286,476. The London Exhibitions, it should be noted, were closed on Sundays, while those of Paris and Vienna remained open on those days as on the week days. The greatest number of visitors in any one day was during the Paris Exhibition of 1867, when on Sunday, October 27th, 173,923 persons visited the building.

A letter has been received by Mrs. Gillespie from Hon. John Eaton, Superintendent of the Bureau of Education of the Treasury Department at Washington, suggesting that charts be prepared for exhibition in the women's building, showing the number of women who have charge of the education of children in each of the States of the Union, and also charts showing the excess of women over male teachers. It is believed that the number will be far in excess of the general ideas on the subject. It is the purpose to have a department of the women's building set apart for educational exhibits. Of course it will include only those departments which are under the charge or are participated in by women. There will also be a kindergarten and a school of design. The art department will be unusually fine. The exhibition of paintings by women will be very large, and the female sculptors will not be behind them. There have been any number of applications, enough to fill a building twice the size of this one, and out of these the most interesting and beautiful will be selected. There will be seventeen cases of wax flowers, and needle-work on children's clothes in profusion; female telegraphers, actively at work, who will send your messages to any part of the Union; lithographers and engravers in full operation, and a large number of looms and trades which are women's especial forte, clattering away from morning to night, presenting a scene which will amuse, while at the same time it will instruct the spectators.

PERSONALITIES.

Prof. Proctor thinks "the tone of audiences in this country is better than on the other side."

Dore, the French artist, is engaged upon a picture 30 by 20 feet, representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

Mrs. Jean Sutherland, of Pictou (N. S.), is 130 years of age. Fuller returns may cut this majority down a little.

Mme. Titiens gets $1,000 in gold for each concert, and in addition also receives a percentage of the receipts when they exceed a certain limit.

Seth Green has just received from France the medal of the first class which was given by the "Societie d'Acclimatation" for his success in fish culture.

The Canadian Agricultural Society has offered a prize for the best bread made and baked by bachelors—a very subtle design to get rid of females altogether in Canada.

John Bright has written a letter against expensive funerals and expensive mourning, recommending the practice of the Society of Friends to the imitation of all true friends of society.

Miss Julia E. Smith, one of the Glastonbury sisters who have became famous through their resistance to taxation without representation, is about publishing a translation of the Bible, made by herself without aid.

Mr. Ezekiel Via Torino, a young American artist, is now engaged in blocking out a colossal group from the finest Carrara marble, entitled "Religious Liberty," which he hopes to have placed on exhibition during the Centennial.

The Princess Natalie de Keschko, recently married to Prince Milan of Servia, is described as looking like a Greek statue stepped down from its pedestal, and as having the air of a goddess when goddesses were believed in.

The hour of Joseph Jefferson's great triumph in England is clouded with a great grief. His youngest child, a boy of 4 years, died in London a short time ago after an illness of four days. This child was born in Chicago on the night of the great fire.

The heaviest of all the Russian naval swells, Admiral Malochloestekhiski (it is quite probable several t's and ski's have been omitted) is expected at New York soon in a 70-gun man-of-war, in which he has been steaming the seas over.

The earth being nearly exhausted, Mr. Richard A. Proctor has gone in vigorously in writing up the heavens. His last book, "Our Place Among Infinites," succeeds his "Saturn and its Systems," "The Moon," "The Orbs of Heaven," "The Universe," etc.

Madame Arabella Goddard gets fair pay—$250 a night—for playing sixty nights at the Titiens concerts. Bulow gets $1,000 a night and expenses. He has had a pronounced difficulty with Bergmann, orchestra leader, which has created quite a hullabulow among musicians, and a party has been formed to crush out the invader.

Mr. A. T. Stewart has bought for 300,000f. ($60,000, gold) the latest work of Meissonier, which is now on its way to this country. It represents a regiment of French cuirassiers going into battle and saluting their chief, Napoleon I, who is seen standing on a hill in the centre of the scene. The troop of horsemen covers almost the whole foreground, the nearest figures being about eighteen inches high.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, like all men of first-class pulpit ability, has a nice sense of humor, and uses it in illustration. In a recent lecture he said he was at a children's party one Christmas Eve, and seeing a little boy sitting in one corner who was not dancing, he approached him, and asked why he did not join the others and dance. "I'm not danthing," said the boy, solemnly, "because I don't think danthing ith the great end of life." "Now, you know," added Mr. Collyer, "if that was my boy, I should think he was meant for a minister, but I should be sorry for th. church that had to take him."

Madame Lucca, having been engaged for a series of six opera performances at the Royal Theatre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, left her country-seat at Goldenberg, in Switzerland, on the 27th of October, intending to drive to the railway station at Zurich. The horses becoming frightened on the way became unmanageable and dashed at a rapid pace towards the lake, near which the carriage was overturned and Madame Lucca thrown out. She sustained severe bruises, and was taken to a hotel near by, where her injuries, it is said, will detain her for a period of six weeks. Her husband, who was with her, escaped unhurt.

WINDOW GARDENING.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

We have been giving our older readers some articles on this subject, and we don't see why the little folks should not have their share of them. The following very pretty and simple household ornaments can be made by any of our readers in this department:

Take a turnip or carrot, scoop it out, fill with earth, plant with canary seed or chicken weed, and suspend by strings in the window. The oddity of the sight will be quite as attractive as the prettiness of the idea.

Take a common pine cone, and plant in its crevices a few canary seeds, place this halfway in a hyacinth water glass, and the seeds will sprout and throw out delicate little green feathery blades, shortly filling the whole upper portion with a little festoon of verdure.

The Sweet Potato Vine is also a curiosity; few would believe, until they tried it, how pretty a sight might be made of it. Put a sweet potato in a tumbler of water, or any similar glass vessel, fill with water, keep the lower end of the tuber about one to two inches from the bottom of the vessel, keep on the mantel shelf, sun it for an hour or two each day, and soon little roots will appear, the eye will throw up a pretty vine, and grow rapidly over any trellis work above.

The Morning Glory is one of the prettiest climbers for parlor windows; give it plenty of sun.

One of the prettiest small hanging baskets we ever saw was made from the shell of a cocoanut. In opening the nut it had been sawed across carefully, in the proportion of cup and saucer as to depth. Then the two parts were fastened together as if the cup stood on the saucer turned upside down. Three holes were bored through it near the upper edge for the cord to pass through, by which it was suspended. This one was hung by scarlet worsted cord, such as is used for blinds, and can be bought for a few cents a yard. The outside of the basket was covered with moss from an old log in the woods. It was the leafy green moss. It was dried first, and then put on with glue. In the basket were two or three roots of ferns, also from the woods. The scarlet cord gave the bit of color one wanted for effect. The basket hung in a recess corner, where the light from the window fell upon it. (It does not need sunshine.) It was beautiful all winter long. The cost would be about ten cents. Of course, in selecting the ferns, care must be taken to get those with perfect fronds, plenty of them, and of a size proportioned to your basket.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Every boy who has read the story of Robinson Crusoe (and who has not?), will be glad to learn how that island looks to-day. The late Prof. Agassiz visited it not long before his death, and he wrote thus:

"The Island of Juan Fernandez is more famous from DeFoe's fiction than from Selkirk's history. Fernandez discovered the island in 1713, and introduced goats. In 1771 an Indian was left here, and subsisted on goats three years before taken off. In October, 1804, a Scotch sailor, Alexander Selkirk, was left here, and taken off in 1809, having lived here four years and four months in solitude, living, like his Indian predecessor, mostly on goat's flesh. He told his story to Defoe, and out of it grew 'Robinson Crusoe.'

"The wild goats are still numerous here, and flocks of hundreds of them may be seen upon the mountains. The island is about ten or twelve miles long by four in breadth, the shores mostly precipitous and the mountain ridges three thousand feet in height. The water around the island is deep, and the whole appearance is as if there had once been an extensive island with a splendid rugged chain upon it, that suddenly the bottom had been knocked from under all except this patch of ten miles by four, and all but this patch had sunk into the sea. Valleys and mountain spurs and gentle slopes are all cut off by this precipitous edge, and there are but few places on the island where you can effect a landing.

"There are to-day twelve persons, including several children, living on the island. They have good poultry and vegetables, splendid beef, and can get goats by climbing after them. Other things they purchase with the proceeds of their beef, milk and poultry, for which they find a market in passing ships, especially in American whalers.

"We spent May day in rambling on the island and about its shores, gunning, fishing, herborizing, and collecting generally. Sharks, crabs, crayfish, shrimps, mollusks of various sorts, star fish, and sea urchins of divers kinds, a few insects, some humming birds, etc., were among the fruits of our labor. The plants of the island bore a general resemblance to those of the continent four hundred miles to the eastward, which surprised me, as both the prevailing winds and ocean currents are opposed to any transmigration from the southern part of the continent."

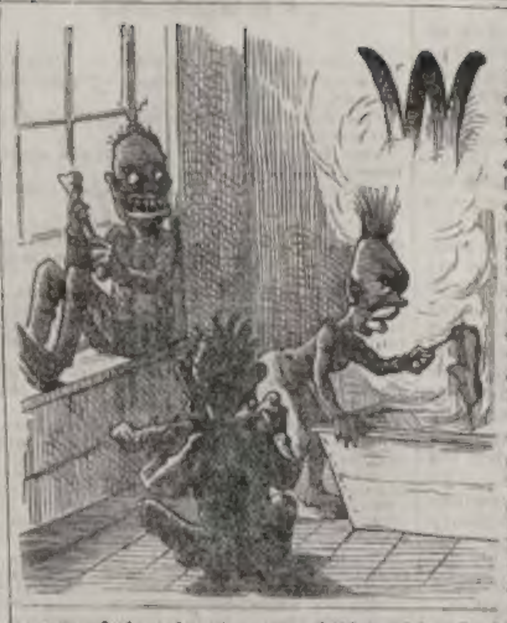
THE STORY OF A LITTLE PRINCESS.

Queen Victoria's daughters have all been very carefully educated indeed; and as for Queen Victoria herself, why, when she was a little girl there seems to have been no end to the things that were expected of her little ladyship. It was not until she was twelve years old that she understood that she might come to be queen. Being only a niece of the reigning monarch, William IV., who had no children, her wise mother did not want Victoria's head elated with dreams of a crown she might never wear. However, she one day discovered it by what we may call an arranged accident, for a genealogical table was slipped into her history and there little Miss found it. She took it up, so her old governess told the story, and reading it said:

"I see that I am nearer the throne than I thought. I never saw that before."

"It was never thought necessary that you should, Princess," replied the governess.

"Now," said the child, after some moments of thought, "many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility." The princess lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, and then putting her little hand into her teacher's said: "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin. My cousin Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and all the elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it, but I understand it better now. I will be good."



A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant lad who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door and putting the fish on the floor cried out rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot?"

"Young man," says the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair, we will change places, and I will teach you how to behave in future!"

The boy sat down and the Dean going out, came up to the door, and making a low bow, said. "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present."

"Does he?" replied the boy—"return him my best thanks, and here's half a crown for yourself!"

The Dean thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

The teacher as well as the scholar received a lesson at that time. The boy certainly knew enough to make his way through the world. The Dean was very fond of fun, and we have no doubt enjoyed the boy's coolness.

HOW TO MAKE MISCHIEF.

Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves long ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing one of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many.

It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself, or any one particularly. Do keep something agoing—silence is a dreadful thing; it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour; do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief, and begin to act good, just about this time every night?"

"I do not know dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is *when the dark comes*. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you and that perhaps you might *die* before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"Oh," thought I, "how many of us wait *till* '*the dark comes*,' in the form of sickness or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we 'begin to act good!' How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then, 'when the dark comes,'—as it will, in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

"THAT'S HOW!"

After a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully: "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller, until is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting: do not lose a breath in saying, "I can't" or "I do not see how;" but go at it and keep at it—study. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is cured or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting until it is got rid of.

Four things are grievously empty—a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

OUR SHOW.

mained in the hospital three d. We did not die. Unfortuy for the purchasers of this and our friend of the model ctory, we *would* not die in ng time. We were discharged ccount of the crowded state of institution. Visitors were beging to discover that free board t be obtained, by stratagem, e hospital, and the result was a large proportion of our forguests found this climate very althy. The doctors cutting, g, and blistering, to their ts' content.

s re-entered the grounds with intention of resuming our inction where we had discontinit, but we were subjected to a re nervous shock the very ning of our reappearance. The s of two waiters from one of restaurants, had been discovd in the bath-room of the Sand- Island Commissioners, picked cle The gentlemen of the legation d entrapped these unsuspecting ervitors, plunged them into hotter, boiled them red as lobsters, then made a little feast of them, eminder of their national banquets. fter feeding upon the poor unfortuns, they strewed their bones about apartment without the slightest reg for neatness or decency. Grief-ticken relatives recognized the remains two false teeth and a glass eye wh had not been consumed, and two wing widows gathered up the bones, lie five sobbing orphans scrubbed the r clean. Our government immediat informed the court at Hawaii of thisdiscretion on the part of its representives, hinting that any repetition in the same quarter would be considered gross breach of international etiquet

Thisident so affected us that we at once aped for readmission to the hospital. was refused us, and we were obliged to lay off for two days at our boardinhouse. When we started out again proceeded at once to you hang a few lanterns on the trees, and leaving the other folks to dance, you yourself wander off with some 'nearer and dearer one yet than all others,' to explore the surrounding country, its shadowed nooks and moonlit glens." Of course we went. But somehow everybody else was leaving the others to dance and seeking moonshine. Never before was there such a demand for nooks and glens since nooks and glens were first invented.

The *fete* was a perfect success as far as moonshine was concerned, but not pecuniarily. The caterer of the evening is wearing away his days in an insane asylum. Who cares for Champagne when they can have nearer and dearer ones? Who cares for lobster salad when they can have nooks and glens?

A second tea party, to retrieve the reputation of the cabinet was decided upon. This time, however, instead of representing only our States, all the nations of the earth were to be typified.

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers:
The world's four boundless continents are ours."
EMMA R.

were the suggestive lines with which "General orders 197," terminated.

The aids appeared in the costumes which long theatrical usage has established as nationally characteristic. For three successive evenings, a thing of beauty and a joy for Emma, enchanted and astonished throngs of visitors, and would have been continued longer had not everybody unfortunately run out of small change.

Each table was adorned by what the ladies fondly believed to be an unmistakable designating peculiarity. One ward went into business with a few yards of glazed paper and a Noah's Ark, and reared up the mighty Alps. Shem Ham, and Japhet stared blankly into futurity from the storied peaks; old Noah and his wife looked around in a bewildered manner as though wondering what the genesis they were doing in that locality, while their sheep, goats, cows, elephants, tigers, crocodiles, and whales jumped indiscriminately from crag to crag

An odor of Swiss *cheese, from the*

AIRY STREET LODGINGS, MAY, 1876.

E WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

We became aware of our approach to this sred locality, by the Sabbath-like stillnewhich marked the vicinity. Into the vilions no male foot was allowed to tres The sides were of glass, and ticketserely conferred the privilege of lookinthrough the transparent surface. We hied before at some trouble concerninthe erection of this building, and the less in a spirit of refined sarcasm, had nle it a monument of man's tyranny by ilding the wooden and iron work of brom broom handles, twisted pokers, and rtured fire shovels. The cement was med with handfuls of short human hair ofariegated colors and various degrees ofineness.

Worn from all parts of the world were he on exhibition. All colors, nationalis, styles, and complexions, were proper classified and arranged within their spective departments. Each woman w ticketed with a fancy label, on which ne inscribed her name, age, nativity, eight, prominent qualities and genera record. With a few exceptions in the siatic and African avenues, the womewere ticketed:

"The Goods Not For Sale."

In t American District, there were some w notices, such as

"Aying for a Divorce."

"For months' Widow."

"Open for Negotiations."

The greatest order and most systematic detail was everywhere observable. Each ge, from eighteen to eighty years, had aseparate district. Those exceeding th latter age were carefully packed away n the sub-cellar.

Electric wires being attached to each department, General Hawley sat comfortably in his office, and as he touched the springs, the women smiled, frowned, wept, and laughed in concert.

We remained gazing upon this interesting exhibit, until we felt the temptation t break through the glass growing too strong for us, when we continued our way and entered the building sacred to Flora and Pomona, or in other words, Horticultural Hall.

THE INTERNATIONAL TEA PARTY.

Between the two tea drinkings, however, a *Fete Champetre* was held at Belmont near the Centennial grounds. We wrote to France to find out what a *fete champetre* meant. Our respected friend Thies replied. "You go out," he wrote, "to some nice quiet spot. In the evening you have a few lanterns on the trees, and leaving the other folks to dance, you yourself wander off with some 'nearer and dearer one yet than all others,' to explore the surrounding country, its shadowed nooks and moonlit glens." Of course we went. But somehow everybody else was leaving the others to dance and seeking moonshine. Never before was there such a demand for nooks and glens since nooks and glens were first invented.

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An odor of Swiss *cheese, from the sandwiches*, made the illusion perfect.

GENERAL JOSEPH NAPOLEON HAWLEY,

the President of the Centennial Commission, was born principally in the State of Rhode Island, but grew so rapidly that his parents soon found it necessary to have him hauled over entirely into Connecticut. Here he flourished and grew fat among the healthy wooden nutmeg groves. He early displayed unmistakable evidences of genius. At the age of seven, he invented a tin lightning rod, and a schoolboy's improved blowpipe of the same material. For this latter, his teachers passed him a vote of thanks through the medium of a ruler, and graduated him from the scholastic establishment. Shortly afterwards he originated the business of manufacturing paper shell almonds, but sold out advantageously to a near-sighted relative and entered the Artillery school at Brienne, from whence he soon meandered to the military academy at Paris. He instituted the "legion of honor," won the battles of Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau, Wagram, and some few others, and then retired to the monastery at St. Helena. Here he took the veil and several other articles, and leaving, one cloudy night, worked his passage to London. At this metropolis he mixed freely with the heads of the nobility, opening a hat store and being appointed "hatter extraordinary" to the Queen. He pined, however, for the breezes of his native land, and when Columbia called upon her sons to lend a hand to the Centennial structure, he returned to America and was elected President of the Commission.

His bravery and prowess are equalled only by his genial nature and the style of his moustache and imperial. Of him the poet Horace (Greeley) has said:

"Though always ready to smile with a friend,
He never was known to re-treat."

Some of his enemies recently nominated him for Congress. Their sinister designs failed, however, and he will happily remain for some time longer an ornament to society and a credit to his country.

The above are extracts from a new work just published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. It is intended as a good natured burlesque on the coming Centennial ceremonies, and is full of fun and humor.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER III [CONTINUED.]

"The fact is," said Westley, taking a chair opposite his uncle at the writing-table, and speaking in a hurried embarrassed way—"the fact is, that things with me have got into a very awkward mess."

Arthur Wilford's only reply was a doubtful cough. "He wants to borrow money," was his inward thought; "he sha'n't have a penny," the corresponding resolve.

Westley took up a quill-pen from the table and began twisting it into all manner of curves. He bit his moustache, frowned, fixed his eyes upon a particular spot of the carpet. Then he flung away the pen, looked fixedly at his uncle, and said, with as much unconcern as he could assume:

"Wilfordhurst is coming to the hammer shortly. I think you ought to buy it, just to keep up the family name."

Arthur Wilford thrust his chair back, and looked at his nephew with dismay.

"What, already, Westley? Is it past all cure? Won't nursing and economy redeem it?"

"Nothing will save it for me," replied Westley. "Buy it for yourself, uncle Arthur."

"And so, young man, because you have been an extravagant prodigal, you would have me change my habits and embrace a way of life particularly distasteful to me, besides make a sacrifice of income. Have you any other suggestions to make?"

"No," said Westley, with a sigh. "A stranger must reign at Wilfordhurst; that's all. It will be a wrench for the old people."

"You might have thought of the old people before," said Arthur Wilford, dryly.

"Well, good-day, Westley, if you are going. I am truly sorry to hear all this. But stay a moment," he said, detaining him, "I have a word to say to you. I have fancied once or twice that I have noticed signs of an attachment warmer than justified by the relationship between you and Audrey."

"As far as I am concerned," said Westley, "only the miserable mess I have got into has prevented my making known my affection for her."

"Of course you clearly understand that all this is at an end. And let me tell you, that the slightest sign of its renewal would occasion me to make arrangements that might be very detrimental to Audrey's future prospects. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand you. You are right, I suppose It would be madness in me to dispute your decision. I cannot help the feeling existing, but I must keep it to myself."

"Exactly; and with that view I trust that you will make no attempt to see her again. I hope you will give me your word of honor on that."

"I promise you to say not a word to Audrey, unless I should be able to retrieve my position."

"Very well; I think the compact a safe one."

"One thing, though; I must write her a line of farewell, of explanation of my seeming desertion. That is due to her and me."

"I don't see that at all," said Arthur; "I don't see the necessity for any other communication between you. But there is the luncheon bell. I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay, but you know it is better not."

Westley left his uncle's door, vowing in his anger that he would never enter the house again. His uncle was in the right, no doubt; but for all that, he was a cold-hearted miserable fellow.

As Arthur Wilford entered the dining room for luncheon, Audrey looked eagerly up. She had been hoping all the time of the interview that her uncle had been able to give a helping hand to Westley, and she had felt that his coming in to luncheon would be the sign of a favorable issue; but her heart sank as she saw that no Westley was coming.

"Did I not hear cousin Westley's voice just now?" asked Hester, who had no fear of any storm clouds on uncle Arthur's brow; "and why didn't he stay?"

"He's gone away," said Arthur Wilford, shortly, helping himself to the wing of a fowl; "he's gone away, and I don't suppose we shall see any more of him. Girls, I request that, as far as possible, you will refrain from mentioning his name to me."

They made no answer to this, either of them, and Arthur Wilford looked uneasily from one to the other. Audrey had a flushed defiant-looking face, and Hester seemed to silently ally herself with her sister.

"Here is a case," he said to himself, "which requires a little judicious management. It would not do to drive these young women to revolt, or to suffer them, in a false enthusiasm, to make a hero of their spendthrift cousin."

He said nothing more till the tray was removed and Martin had taken his departure. Then he drew his chair to the fire, and beckoning his nieces to take their places on each side of him, he took a hand of each in his, and addressed them in a solemn kindly way:

"My dear girls," he said, "you are both of you on the threshold of life only, and you don't know what lies before you. Now you are both of you passably good-looking, and if you don't quarrel hopelessly with me, you will both be heiresses. Now, even in the world in which you will have to move—the world which occupies itself with being gay and cheerful in appearance, and that works very hard at disciplinary pleasure—even in this bright looking world there are many traps and pitfalls—"

"*Vide* John Bunyan," said Hester.

"Well, you may do worse than take a little advice from him; but I'm not going to preach a sermon. I am of the world worldly, and I don't go beyond my *metier*. But what I want to impress upon you is, that life is not fairy-land, abounding with heroes and princes in disguise, as girls think sometimes."

"Indeed," said Audrey, "girls are not so foolish as you think them, uncle Arthur."

"I have a great opinion of the wisdom of girls in general," replied Arthur Wilford, "but as for you, my dear Audrey I am afraid you carry too much a *la montes*."

Audrey did indeed carry her head high as he said this, her throat pr curved and her chin resting lig her hand.

"I don't think you quite un me, uncle Arthur."

"My dear, I like you all the that you have sensibilities and affec warmer than the average; but then the danger of your sacrificing them worthless objects. I have noticed in yo a certain eager generosity and desire for self-immolation which, believe me, Audrey, are survivals from a less artificial state of existence. Now, I don't want you girls to throw yourselves away."

"But do you think," asked Audrey, "that this is a matter quite within one's own control?"

"It ought to be; but what I want to show you now is what you will throw away with yourselves. I may tell you that the bulk of my fortune, such as it is, I have divided between you in my will. You will not be paupers, my dear children; you will be worth about sixty thousand pounds a-piece."

"Oh, uncle," said Hester, "what a lot of money! Why, I shall expect a viscount at the very least."

"Now," went on uncle Arthur, frowning, "this I have left to you without any restrictions whatever, except as to its proper settlement upon you; but I might be led to put restrictions on it. If I saw any danger that, after my death, my money would fall into the hands of a spendthrift or gamester, then I might alter entirely the tenor of these provisions. Do you see?"

"My viscount," said Hester, "shall be a harmless domestic being, with proclivities rather to Exeter Hall than Tattersall's."

"Hold your tongue, saucebox," said uncle Arthur. "Audrey, do you see my intentions clearly?"

Audrey was looking intently into the fire, with a perplexed frown upon her face.

"I don't think it is just," she said, "to give us everything; you have a nephew."

"Whom I distrust and dislike above everything. There you force me to speak plainly. Promise me, girls, both of you solemnly, that you will never marry a Wilford. If you don't, I'll leave all my money to almshouses and hospitals."

"I promise, uncle," said Hester gladly; "I don't like the Wilfords, they are so cross and overbearing."

"Yes, I will promise too," said Audrey, after a moment's thought; "that is without your consent. I owe everything to you, and it is my duty to obey your wishes."

"Now I am satisfied. Audrey, you have made your old uncle happy. Now, if anything happens—life is uncertain, and in my case I fancy especially so—"

"Oh, uncle!" said Audrey, putting her arm about his neck; "you don't feel ill; you are looking so much better."

"Yes, yes; but I have had warnings. Well, anyhow my closing years or days will be happy if I can be satisfied that you girls are in the right way."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNREASONABLE ATTACHMENT.

When Westley left his uncle's house in Avenue-gardens he hailed a passing hansom, and ordered himself to be driven to Rock-court, Westminster. He was put down at the entrance of the court, a secluded nook, an eddy from the tide of traffic that rushes incessantly past, and made his way to the door of Messrs. Crozier's establishment.

Within, the aspect is of something between a bank and a Government pay-office. A dingy room on the ground-floor has a counter running along it and other counters at right angles, at which latter sat the clerks of the establishment. It lacks some features of a bank, for one misses the rattle of gold, the bang of scales upon mahogany counters, the grating of copper scoops—sounds that characterise the bank. On the other hand there is an absence of the form and frigidity that distinguish the public office. The clerks of Messrs. Crozier appear to have retained their posts for a considerable time, and to be on good terms with all their customers. Indeed, it seems to be a service in which it is possible to grow gray and portly.

Westley walks to the counter and writes a little note, which he hands to the clerk: "Has the purchase-money of my commission been paid in yet? W. W."

The clerk looks up—recognises Mr. Wilford with a friendly smile. "I think it's all right, Captain Wilford; but will you step in and see Mr. Blanco?"

Westley has already had sundry interviews with Mr. Blanco, chiefly with reference to overdrafts upon his account, which Messrs. Crozier are very happy to honor "within limits;" and he knows his way into the private-room where Mr. Blanco, bald and bland, is sitting at a shabby mahogany desk reading the newspaper.

"How do you do, Captain Wilford?" he cries. "I have just been reading the sporting intelligence. I see your horse stands pretty well for an outsider."

"He is well, too," said Wilford proudly; "and if he's fit on the day he'll be there or thereabouts at the finish."

"Ah, there's no certainty in the turf, is there, Captain Wilford?"

"Expenses are certain, and uncommonly heavy too," said Captain Wilford, "and that brings me to the point. Have you had my money paid in yet?"

"Yes, yes, I think so," said Mr. Blanco; "but excuse me for a moment, I must just see the ledger-clerk."

Westley gave a sigh of relief as Mr. Blanco passed out smiling cheerfully. The immediate future was provided for. With the two thousand pounds he was about to draw he could pay his trainer's bill and have enough to meet his losses if he did lose. Then, whatever might happen, his honor, as he considered it, would be safe. The cent. per cent. men might fight for the pickings of his bones after that. But he had hope too—hope of a brilliant success—a hope that had rendered his life for the past few months just endurable.

Mr. Blanco reappeared, looking rather grave.

"Yes," he said, "Captain Wilford, the money is all right; and I find that, after deducting our charges, the balance in your favor is twenty, two fifty."

"Well, I should like to draw two thousand," said Wilford, "and leave the two fifty."

"Dear me," said Blanco, "unfortunately——"

"Oh, not if it inconveniences you," said Westley. "You've been so obliging to me that I wouldn't think of——"

"Oh, it isn't that," said Mr. Blanco, half smiling; "but the fact is—ahem!—there is a stop, an attachment, lodged with us this morning."

"An attachment!" repeated Westley, ntly, "what sort of an attach-?"

legal process, in fact, forbidding art with any of the funds in our till certain demands have been fied."

Wilford rose from his chair half stupe-, and stood by the fireplace, alter-ately examining the almanac and read-ing over an old ukase from the War Office on the subject of half-pay retire-ment.

"Then you mean to say," he said, having schooled his face into composure, "you mean to say that if I draw against my balance——"

"Oh, we couldn't honor any more checks till the stop has been removed. You must see the lawyers of these people, Captain Wilford, and get the matter arranged. I'll give you the address of the firm—they do a good deal in that sort of way—very keen people, sir, very."

Westley mechanically took up the slip of paper on which Mr. Blanco had scribbled an address, and left the office. The clerks watched him out with a mild kind of pity. They were used to the sight of these gallant captains taking their leave of the establishment with bold determined faces, but complexions of ashen gray. Still they were a little sorry for Captain Wilford, who had always been a popular customer.

He flung himself into his cab and bade the man drive to the office of Mr. Petworth, No. 704 Victoria street.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST FLURRY.

On his return from Fordham, Mr. Petworth found that he had too much business on hand to be able to run down to his country-seat—Puffin Abbey—which was a good three hours' railway journey. He slept that night at his chambers in Victoria street, where he had a bedroom behind his office, and thus found himself next morning on the scene of action fresh and full of work. Petworth's chambers have a northern aspect, are lofty and roomy, and at the same time somewhat chilly and sombre. There are very few of the ordinary garnishings of a lawyer's office about Mr. Petworth's room. The writing-table is entirely clear of papers or parchments; there are no law books to be seen; the only thing characteristic of the profession is a large sheet almanac in a black frame over the fireplace—it is called the Solicitors' Almanac, and contains ample information as to terms, circuits, judges, chancellors, and such like.

Mr. Petworth, seated at his writing-table with his note-book, diary, and parchment-bound bank-passbook before him, is making certain memoranda and calculations. As you see him now, without his hat, you find that there is something remarkable about his physiognomy. His head is long and narrow, and his rounded roomy forehead gives promise of a keen and vigorous intellect, whilst the somewhat heavy muzzle and the compressed mouth seem equally to assert that any resolution conceived by the brain will not be thwarted by weakness of will or benevolent infirmity of purpose.

Petworth's calculations do not occupy him for any long period; he soon rises and makes his way to the fire, at which he warms his hands, rubbing them briskly together. There is a knock at the door; the clerk enters.

"Mr. Ludwick, sir," he announces, briefly.

Petworth directs him to be shown in; salutes him graciously, giving him two fingers of his hand to shake.

"Got everything in good train, Ludwick, eh?"

"Everything; we shall seize this afternoon."

"The whole shop, of course?"

"All but the horses at the trainer's."

"Ah! why not those?"

"The trainer has a heavy lien upon them."

"Ah, of course; you're right, Ludwick; leave me to deal with that. Now, as to the commission; how are we to get hold of that?"

"He's sold it," said Ludwick, shortly.

"The deuce he has!" cried Petworth; "what, already? Hang it, he's been too sharp for us."

"Not for me," replied Ludwick. "I got a hint from a friend at the Horse Guards, and yesterday I procured an attachment from the Lord Mayor's Court, and lodged it at Crozier's."

"Capital. Ludwick, you're worth your weight in gold. But, Ludwick, my name hasn't appeared?"

"Not at all. Smith is the nominal plaintiff."

"My dear friend," said Petworth, "you think of everything. Well, is there anything more to be said?"

The taciturn Ludwick shook his head.

"Then good morning, my dear fellow, and many thanks for your promptitude; the other door, Ludwick, please."

Petworth had hardly seated himself once more when he heard the murmur of voices in the outer office, and rang his bell impatiently.

"Who have you got there, Jobling?" he cried, as the clerk appeared in the doorway.

"Only Mrs. Brown, sir," said Jobling, in a half whisper. "When you're quite at liberty."

"Let her come in," said Petworth, severely.

A female entered, a genteel-looking person, tall, and of a good figure. She was dressed in black, and wore a thick veil, which she threw up as she entered, showing a face that had once been pretty, but that was now faded and worn.

Petworth looked up in a thoughtful kind of way, held out his hand to enjoin silence, and then went on for a few moments with his calculations. Mrs. Brown sank into a chair with a heavy sigh.

"Well, what now?" said Petworth at last, raising his eyes from his desk. "What brings you here?"

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Robert," said Mrs. Brown, in a deprecating voice; "but you know I wrote to you the other day, and you never answered my letter, Robert."

"You wanted a five pound note, I think?" said Petworth.

"Note, or gold, or a check, whichever might be convenient."

Petworth chuckled slightly.

"Circulating medium, eh? That's what everybody wants."

Mrs. Brown thought that Petworth's good humor was a favorable sign, and laughed gently too. At that Petworth became suddenly grave, and looked in a drawer for a paper, which he took out and studied attentively.

"I see from this that I've already advanced you thirty-five pounds on your half year's annuity."

"Is it so much as that?" said Mrs. Brown, helplessly; "I didn't know."

"No, you didn't know; but there's the fact—your half year's income advanced to you. Now, I want the money as much as you."

"Oh, Robert," faltered Mrs. Brown, "you're so rich."

"Pooh, rich; never mind that; how long should I be rich, do you think, if I gave my money away to other people to squander, eh?"

Mrs. Brown sighed, cast a mute appealing glance to the ceiling, and began to feel for a pocket handkerchief.

"Why don't you try to earn some money, Emmy?" said Petworth. "You have got a good house and good furniture; Bodley-terrace is a decent neighborhood; you ought to make three pounds a week out of the drawing-room floor."

"So I did, Robert. I let it to Captain Hawkswell for that, but I never got the money. Fifteen weeks at three guineas, and five pounds in money out of pocket."

"More fool you, Emmy; and you let his boxes go and took his bill at three months."

"I thought he was such a gentleman, Robert; and even now I feel sure he'll pay in the end."

Petworth shrugged his shoulders as if it were hopeless to say anything more.

"I'm very busy, Emmy, and I can't let you have the money; so if you've got nothing more to tell me, good morning."

"And is this a brother's love?" said Mrs. Brown, making use of her handchief.

At this moment, Jobling entered with a card in his hand.

"Mr. Westley Wilford wishes to speak to you."

"In half a minute, Jobling, when I ring the bell."

Petworth put his hand up to his face, and remained for some little time immersed in thought. When he looked up, he saw Mrs. Brown, who had half risen from her chair, looking at him with a wistful eager glance.

"His son is it?" she asked eagerly. "Is it *his* son, Robert?"

"The son of the rascally old Squire of Wilfordhurst, if you like," said Petworth savagely. "Well, what of that?"

"He's not in your hands, Robert, is he?" asked Mrs. Brown. "You're not going to break him up. Oh, deal fairly with him, Robert; don't visit the sins of the father upon him!"

Petworth laughed lightly at this, and rose to open the outer door, thus intimating to his sister that the interview was at an end. Mrs. Brown put down her veil, and having gathered her skirts about her, was moving hopelessly away, when Petworth seemed struck with a new idea.

"By the way," he said, "now I think of it, your rooms are still vacant. Well, perhaps I can put you in the way of a good let. Come back in an hour's time; you can walk about in the Abbey if it comes on to rain. You hear me?—in an hour."

Mrs. Brown whispered that she would come back, and glided out. Petworth sat down and rang the bell.

Young Wilford entered next moment, looking pale and distraught.

"Ah, I was just thinking of you," said Petworth, cordially motioning his visitor to a chair. "Your affairs have been worrying me a good deal."

"I can sympathise with you, then," said Westley, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I have been suffering from a worse attack than you. Well, is there any fresh trouble?"

Petworth shook his head doubtfully, and referred to his note book.

"I've had Ludwick here just now," he said at last, looking up.

"Ludwick," said Westley, 'why that is the rascal who has stopped my banking account!"

"Ah," said Petworth, "is that so? just like him, indeed; but how did it happen?"

Westley explained how it came to pass that he had so much money to his credit with Crozier and Co., and how it had been attached. Petworth listened with sympathetic surprise. "Ah," he said, when he had heard the whole story, "the moral of that, my young friend, is, put full confidence in your advisers. Now, if you had entrusted me with that affair, I'd have had the money posted where nobody could touch it. It's very awkward, of course; so much ready money would have been very useful."

"It's ruin to me," said Westley. "How can I start Astyonax if I have no money!"

"How indeed! it's impossible."

"And then," said Westley, "all the friends who've trusted to my accounts of the horse, and who've backed him on my advice—"

"All in the hole!" said Petworth, spreading out his hands.

"And what will people say of me?—that I never meant to run the horse; that I'm a swindler!"

"People will be uncharitable enough to say that, perhaps," replied Petworth dryly.

"Oh, it's unendurable!" said Westley. "I thought that I should save my honor at least." He leant his elbows on the table, covered his face with his hands, whilst a strong spasm of emotion shook his frame.

"Come, come," said Petworth consolingly, "we must save something more than that out of the fire. But we must go to work judiciously."

"Can you help me at this pinch?" said Wilford, looking up. "I know you have made large advances."

Petworth screwed up his face into an expression of sorrowful denial.

"At this moment I can do nothing. I told you, I think, that Ludwick was here just now. Well, you know, he represents other creditors, and he is very determined. I have done all I could; I almost went on my knees to him to gain further time. I offered him undertakings—anything. But no. He would have his bond."

"And that means——"

"That the sheriff's officers will be at Wilfordhurst to-morrow."

"Oh, that is frightful!" said Westley, groaning.

"Of course they'll seize the horses next?"

"Ay," said Wilford, vacantly, "of course."

"And next they'll make you a bankrupt."

"Can they bring me to that disgrace?"

"There's no help for it, that I can see."

"Still, all that I could face," said Wilford, rising from his seat; "but that I should be branded as a defaulter against the laws of honor—no, that I can't endure."

"How much do you stand to lose on Astyonax?"

"I have backed him for a thousand—at twenties to one on an average."

"Ah, what a nice thing to pull off! You stand to win twenty thousand," said Petworth, straightening one of his eyelashes that had got away. "A splendid haul! Such a pity you can't stave things off a little."

"Can't you suggest anything, Petworth?" asked Westley, in despair.

"The only way I can see out of it is, that you should hand over the horses to me. You shall give me a bill of sale of them, and I'll seize them and hold them for you."

"Ah, if you would do that! but then the bets. I shall be called upon to stake, no doubt, as soon as it's known that I am done up. And at all events I ought not to stand to lose what I can't pay."

"Well, look here, Wilford. I'll take your book if you like. I'll take the bets and the horses, and you shall have a check for a hundred, just to carry you along."

Westley leant his chin upon his hand and looked gloomily towards the light. He was selling his last chance for a mere trifle. And yet, what better could he do? He was almost without money, had only a few pieces of silver in his pocket, and a now useless check-book.

"I wouldn't make this offer," said Petworth, placidly, "for indeed I don't care about increasing my responsibilities, but in truth I want to ease your mind. If you have a turn of luck, you shall have your horses back again."

Young Wilford grasped at this idea, which offered a slender scaffolding of hope on which to build.

"Yes, I'll take your offer," he said, after a moment's pause.

Jobling was summoned to prepare the necessary documents, whilst Wilford paced uneasily up and down the room.

"If I were you," said Petworth, looking up from his desk, "I should make myself scarce for a few weeks, whilst all this is going on. Keep out of the way of being served with all the writs and so on that will be showered upon you. Why make it too easy for them?"

"Would you go abroad?"

"No," said Petworth, "decidedly not. That has an unpleasant look. But avoid your places of customary resort. Take quiet lodgings somewhere in town, eh? Amuse yourself with a course of reading and take your exercise at night, and on Sundays we shall be always glad to see you at the Abbey—Saturday to Monday," politely.

"You think that's prudent?"

"Decidedly I do. Keep yourself *en rapport* with us here, so that we can act for you in any emergency, and rely upon me to keep a watchful eye on your interests."

"If I knew of such a place," said Westley, wearily; "but really I am a child at such researches."

"I think I have a place in my eye that will suit you exactly. Singularly enough, a kind of dependent of mine called here to-day to ask if I could recommend her a lodger. I can vouch for her honesty, and the house is, I know, scrupulously clean, and you would be the only lodger."

"Then that would suit me exactly," said Wilford. "I want rest and solitude to think over all these things. Give me the address and I'll go there."

"All right; then Jobling can go and fetch your things, if you'll give him a note to the porter of your hotel; and he shall see that everything is comfortable for you."

Wilford took the address and went away despondently.

"Well, Emmy," said Petworth, cheerfully, when Mrs. Brown made her appearance once more, "I've found you a lodger, and I've only got to instruct you on two points: first, that you don't let a word escape about your relationship to me, or that you were ever connected with Wilfordhurst. I can trust you so far for your own sake, eh?"

Mrs. Brown bowed her head in assent.

"Next, that you'll keep a careful look-out on his outgoings and incomings; take note if any one comes to see him, and report everything to me. I don't expect people to work for nothing, and so here's the five-pound note you want so much, and it only rests with yourself to earn another."

After that Mrs. Brown went away, subdued but rejoicing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PATHETIC LETTER.

The following pathetic letter, written by Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon, on the death of one of Mark Lemon's grandchildren, in 1855, has just been published:

"MY DEAR MARK—We are indeed greatly grieved at your calamity. I have no need to tell you, dear fellow, how constantly you are in our thoughts, and that I have not forgotten, and never can forget, who it was that watched with and comforted me the night a little place in my house was left empty. We know you will both have found comfort in that blessed relief from which the sacred figure with the child on His knee is in all stages of our lives inseparable. 'For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' It is hard, God knows, to lose a child of any age, but there are many sources of comfort in losing one so young as yours. There is a beautiful thought in Fielding's *Journey from this World to the Next*, where the little one he had lost was found by him radiant and smiling, building him a bower in the Elysian Fields, where they were to live together when he came.

"Ever, old friend, yours ever,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

SAY nothing about yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

HENRY WILSON'S GRAVE.

The lot where the Vice-President's remains have finally been laid situated on a charming little eminence in the extreme northeasterly corner of Dearborn Cemetery, about three-fourths of a mile from the village, in a westerly direction, and overlooking the town and lake Cochituate, the view from the spot being extensive and very attractive. The lot is inclosed by a granite curb, which is surrounded by a neatly-graveled drive-way. On either side of the front entrance are tasteful shrubs, and a little in front of the centre is a beautiful sarcophagus about four feet long, three and a half feet high, and twenty inches wide, and consisting of three sections of pure white Italian marble, resting on a massive base of Quincy granite, and surmounted by an officer's hat, feather, and belt and sash, cut in marble and giving six months' labour in its execution. The front of this sarcophagus is inscribed as follows: "Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Hamilton Wilson, born in Wilton, New Hampshire, February 16, 1812; died in Ain, Texas, December 24, 1866." At a little distance behind, and north of this, is a small sarcophagus at the head of Colonel's grave, which is simply inscribed "Hamilton." At the right, and east of Colonel's grave, is that of his mother, which is marked by an Italian marble head stone of attractive and appropriate design, and inscribed as follows: "Harriet M. Howe, born in Natick, November 21, 1824, married to Henry Wilson, November 28, 1840, died May 8, 1870." Below this is inscribed: "She died home happy," which is followed by—"But, Oh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." At the extreme northeastern corner of the lot is a double grave marked a double or twin head-stone, of beauti design, and of the same material as those mentioned above. This marks that resting-place of Mr. Wilson's father and mother, the one on the right being inscribed: "Winthrop Colbath born April 7, 1787; died February 10, 1[illegible];" while the one on the left bears the following inscription: "Abigail Colby, born March 21, 1785; died August, 1866." Between the graves of his parents and that of his wife is a vacant space, and that is the spot where is to be deposited the remains of the Vice-Prident, of whom his townsmen relate touching tribute which he paid to the mother of his joys and sorrows. It said that when the news of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency was telegraphed him by his townsmen, he replied: "Place a bouquet of flowers on my wife's grave."

—*Boston Traveller.*

A RUNAWAY MILL.

Even more terrible than the stoppage of a mill, by which hundreds of hands are thrown out of employment is the case of a mill, the machinery of which cannot be stopped and from which the work-people fly for their lives, expecting every moment that the building will come tumbling about their ears. An occurrence of this nature occurred recently at a cotton mill at Bolington in England. The machinery suddenly bolted like a runaway horse and caused a general panic. It appears from some cause "not at present thoroughly understood," the steam from the boilers overmastered the control of the governors of the engine, and the machinery began in consequence to move at such a speed that the spinners threw their mules out of gear, and by so doing precipitated the catastrophe they were trying to avoid.

The rapid revolutions of the engine caused the fly-wheel to break in pieces, and one huge fragment dashed upward through the floor of a grinding room above, and then through the roof. The other segments of the wheel were hurled through the walls, and altogether the building was wrecked to such an extent that the walls in some parts fell in, and the room above and the roof were demolished. A complete stampede took place among the hands, who numbered about one hundred and fifty, and they rushed out of the room in the wildest confusion. Happily, no lives were lost; but it is fully expected that the result of the casualty will be a three month's stoppage of nearly all work at the mill, the machinery of which it is to be hoped will be brought under some kind of control before it is put into action again.

FANCY WORK WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

The bright tints of Autumn leaves are very lovely for ornamenting parlors, boudoirs and dining tables. Brackets and picture frames can also be adorned with them, and they greatly add to the beauty of one's surroundings. Collect a large quantity, combining every hue, from crimson to scarlet, from scarlet to yellow and from yellow to green. The red beech and the beautifully variegated maple are very desirable, as also are the oaks and ferns, but the maple excels them all in the great variety of its tints and the various sizes of its leaves. Smooth every leaf on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, holding it upon the leaf only a minute. Then take a camel's hair pencil and a little olive oil, and carefully brush over every part of the leaf. Place them on a flat surface to dry, and let them remain until the next day. For wiring these leaves into garlands, etc., or for preparing them for bouquets, take the fine green-covered reel wire, such as is always used in manufacturing wax flowers, and attach it around them, first laying it so that it will extend the entire length of the leaf to support it. Afterwards wind around each stem to conceal the wire, either narrow strips of green tissue paper or brown Berlin worsted, and join the leaves together in sprays; of course, the individual leaves on each spray must be of the same species. Prepare a large number of these sprays mounted on wires, and then arrange them in vases, about picture frames over mirrors, and as ornaments to lace curtains, and your apartments will present a festive appearance although the dreary Winter weather has browned the face of nature. Oak leaves, acorns and brightly colored beans, gummed upon a card-board frame, will make handsome corner brackets or wall pockets, and vases to hold your beautiful leaves. The acorns and beans ought first to be cut in half when used for this purpose.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—Doctor Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a *bunch*, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness. This is a comfort to people blessed with large families.

FACETIÆ.

GRATE Blessings—Early rose.

GOOD Place for Match-making—The Sulphur Springs.

THE Best Way to Keep House—Don't put a mortgage on it.

NEW Bedford is said to have but one whaler left—a schoolmaster.

MEN are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

AN old lady in Detroit, hearing that American Girl was dead, remarked: "I've allus said that this tight lacing would lay 'em out some day."

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE—Excited Britisher (at the end of a dance of a row with the party behind the French 'bus—appealing to the passengers generally)—"Allong—didong—pardonny—but, I say, look here! I can't understand this fellow's gibberish. Can any of you ladies and gentlemen tell me the French for 'Confounded fools?'"

SHE was brushing his hair and he enjoyed being fussed over amazingly. Rolling up his eyes, he said:

"My dear, why was Columbus when he landed in America like me now?"

She couldn't tell him, and he explained:

"Because he was tickled at being fussed over."

AT a Kentucky dinner, and between the sherry and champagne, to which period the *enfant terrible* of the family had been unfortunately permitted to linger, the host had gone to praising his own wine in a fashion which was certainly an evidence of its intoxicating qualities: "That sherry, sir, cost me $20 a dozen. I bought it at the auction of the Emperor Napoleon's wines, and imported it myself."

"Why, papa," interrupted the *enfant*, "that was all gone long ago, and mamma filled the bottles up from that California keg. She said you never had any friends who could tell the difference."

BETTER THAN FISH.—They recognized each other at one of the fish stands, and one called out:

"Is that you, Mrs. Jones? And are you after a fish?"

"And is that you, Mrs. Toddle? And no, I never buy fish."

"You don't?"

"No. I have the particularest husband you ever saw. If he's eating fish and gets four or five scales in his mouth he makes as much fuss as some men would over a cobble stone in a loaf of bread. So I buys liver, and there's no scales on it, and all you have to do is to give it a rinse; flop it into the spider, and the butcher gets all the blame."

THOSE who go around with the contribution box in California churches plead and argue the case as they go along. One of the gentlemen recently extended the box to a rough looking miner, who slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give something," said the deacon.

"Can't do it, deak," said Bill.

"Why not—isn't the cause a good one?"

"Yes, Good 'nuff; but I ain't able to give nothing."

"Pooh! I know better. You must give me a better reason than that."

"I owe too much money."

"Well, William, you owe God a much larger debt than any one else."

"That's true but he ain't a pushin' me like the rest of my creditors."

DON'T TOUCH ME.

"I'll scream if you touch me!"
Exclaimed a pert miss,
Whose lover was seeking
An innocent kiss.
By this prudish conduct
Cold water was thrown—
The lover drew backward,
And—let her alone!

"I'll scream if you touch me!"
She hollered once more,
He cried: "I'm not near you!"
And found it a bore.
She quickly subsided,
Grew tender to view,
And whispered quite softly:
"I'll scream till you do!"

WHY HE WASN'T ELECTED.—The candidate who didn't get enough votes to elect him, the other day, is out on the street now, wearing the look of an injured man. As he turns a corner he meets Jones, and Jones says:

"Ah! Well, I'm sorry for you: I'd have bet money that you would go in by 500 majority."

"My majority would have been twice that if some dastard hadn't started the rumor that I was opposed to education," replies Unsuccessful.

"They lied about you, eh?"

"Lied! Why, they told the most outrageous falsehoods the human mind could conceive! I've got a clue, and you look out for three or four civil suits for damages."

Turning the next corner he meets Davis, and Davis yells out:

"Hello! I see you aren't dead yet? Well, I'm sorry for you: I wanted to see you go in."

"And I should have been elected straight as a string if my name on the ticket hadn't been spelled wrong. That and that alone floored me."

One block more and Smith rushes at him and shouts:

"Hang it! but I thought you would wax that fellow by 3,000 votes!"

"I'd have done it like a shot," replies the Unsuccessful. "But the inspectors received hundreds of illegal votes, and I was laid out. This thing isn't through with, however: I propose to carry it to the Supreme Court."

As he reaches the City Hall the fourth man holds out his hand and says:

"Well, you couldn't both be elected, but you did just run like a quarter-horse."

"I can tell you something," whispers Unsuccessful.

"Eh? What?"

"I believe the ballot-boxes were stuffed against me."

"No!"

"Strue as you live! I think I can put my hand on a man who will swear to it, and I tell you I'll make it red hot for those inspectors!"

And the unsuccessful candidate is certain in Chitown mind that he is a great martyr.

THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts, and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

EGYPT AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The land of lost arts and dead arts is to be brilliantly represented at the Centennial. Representatives of every department of native life are to be sent over. A band of genuine Arabs of the desert will be there with their swift steeds, camels and dromedaries; soldiers in the uniform of the Turkish army; Arabic bands performing the national music; and a troop of dark-eyed dancing-girls will perform those unique dances and pantomimes which form the diversion of the harem. The manufactures and agriculture of the country will be fully represented. Nile and Red Sea water will be brought over in tanks, and the ancient process of irrigation and cultivation explained and illustrated with native implements.

HOME.—There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael; the youth was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and his arrow, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced? What love makes allowances like household love? God forgive those who turn the household altar into a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrifice of the heart.

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AGRICULTURAL.

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IT is claimed to have succeeded in California in inventing a *dryer* by which the White Muscat grape can be converted into raisins in five days The full bunches are thus converted. By this process three cents per pound can be obtained for grapes instead of one and a half on the vines. A good deal of attention is being paid to raisin-making in California, and this is one of the few ways by which the immense crops of grapes can be disposed of; but what must be particularly aimed at is not so much converting the grapes into raisins in five days as to making a first-rate article, even though it takes twice five days.

THE VARIOUS PARTS OF A GRAPEVINE.—The stock is the main part above the root and below where it branches. The stem includes those portions which have ceased to bear shoots, and are two years old and over. The arm is a portion of the stem trained in a horizontal position. The cane is a ripened shoot, from six to eighteen months old, or until it comes to bear shoots directly from its own buds. The spur is a cane cut short. The shoots are the growth of the current year until the fall of the leaf. The laterals spring only from the buds on shoots, and are simply the shoot reproducing itself from its own buds. The nodes are the joints in the shoots and canes from which spring the leaves, buds, tendrils or clusters and laterals. The internodes are spaces between the nodes; both these latter disappear in the stem. The tendril is a twining support. The cluster or bunch is a tendril perfected into fruit. The buds on the shoots occur only at the nodes in the axils of the leaves. They are of two kinds, growing side by side. From one springs the lateral, making its growth the current year; the other remains dormant perfecting for the growth of the shoot the coming year. There are also the blossom-buds, which appear only on the tendrils and the berries. The whole make up the vine. Let it be borne in mind that the vine has not leaf-buds and fruit-buds distinctly, like the apple, but leaves and fruit come from the same bud, borne on the shoot, the growth of the present year itself growing from the bud perfected for that purpose the previous year. No part of the vine which has once borne leaf or fruit will bear it a second time.

ENGLAND'S PEACHES AND APPLES.—It is well known that American peaches and apples are regarded as a great luxury in England, and that large prices are often paid for them as special features of the dessert at dinner parties. A report of a recent exhibition of English fruits at Crystal Palace, near London, offers some comparisons between the English and American products which are of general interest, and show why our fruit is so much sought for abroad. The display of peaches was small, but many of the specimens (according to an American visitor) were as large and beautiful as any ever seen at our shows. The great defect in all of them was, however, the lack of that rich flavor that is the chief merit of our best peaches. Nearly all of the specimens exhibited were raised from budding into the mussell (a kind of bitter, small and hardy wild plum) and were all trained like vines up the south side of high walls. Old fruit-raisers say that while the cool, clammy climate of England is destructive to a peach tree if exposed to the chilly currents of the humid atmosphere, yet if the tree is protected by a high wall, the fruit, though inferior in flavor to the American, is peerless for size and beauty. The display of apples did not comprise more than five bushels altogether—each exhibitor selecting a dozen or so of the finest fruit from his orchards. They were mostly like the apples raised in Oregon, in this country, the natural fruit being small and tough with a bitter flavor, and when cultivated, fair, tender, coarse and tasteless, having none of the sparkling acidity which has made some of our Eastern apples world-renowned. Such fruit is naturally little used as food in England. The importation of fruit from this country is growing very rapidly, and the demand becoming more general as the prices are reduced. Next year will see large and successful shipments of American peaches as well as apples, for the experiment has been successfully tried and the failures of this year can be easily avoided another season.

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NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "The Philadelphia Ornamental Wood Company," the character and object of which is the manufacture of articles of wood, and selling the same, and doing work incidental thereto, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly.
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THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE
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THE MAIN FACT IS:
We have made up too many Overcoats and Suits for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make certain *sacrifices* which will be apparent on and after WEDNESDAY, December 1st, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we don't intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say that this Mark Down, while it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots to which we say they have already been marked at close prices) we shall make no change.

We desire to announce that this is our final and
ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,
So that none need wait for Lower Prices.
The step we take will wonderfully aid those who feel like Economizing.
The terms of the sale are

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THE BOUDOIR.

It has been some little time since we have given any detailed descriptions of suits for little boys; and lest the mammas should feel we were slighting their little men, we will in this issue turn our attention first to these important members of society.

We have lately seen some very pretty suits for boys from five to nine years of age. To commence with the youngest, we noticed a suit of very dark, almost invisible green cassimere, for a young man of five summers. The skirt was deep, coming down to within an inch of the ankle, and was laid in deep kilt plaits. The upper part consisted of a long jacket, which came down well over the hips, and had a vest front of dark green velvet. This vest was buttoned from the throat to the bottom with small polished steel buttons. The jacket was fastened by a tab of velvet just across the chest, an inch or two below the throat, and below was cut away so as to show the vest. The back was trimmed with square pockets of velvet—a side pocket of the same was placed on the left of the front, high up on the side. A small rolling collar of velvet, with square cuffs of the same for the sleeves completed the suit, or at least the jacket portion; there were plain knee pants of the cassimere, which were entirely concealed by the deep kilt skirt. A round hat of dark green felt, with rim upturned all round, and faced with velvet, was worn with the suit.

Another, for a boy of seven or eight, was made of dark plum colored diagonal cloth, and consisted of jacket, pants and vest. The jacket was deep, and sloped away sharply at the sides in front to show the deep vest, which buttoned up to the throat. The trimming consisted simply of a binding of black silk galloon, headed by one row of the same, stitched on both sides by the machine. Buttons of black silk were used. The pants were somewhat in the knickerbocker style, only without the objectionable fulness of a similar fashion in vogue several years ago. The fulness sloped down from the hips to the knee, where, just below the latter place, the pants were confined by three buttons, the fulness from above then hung over and concealed the buttons. Long gray woolen stockings were worn, and a hat of dark gray felt, Derby shape.

Yet another suit, for a boy of nine, was of black basket cloth. The jacket was long, and sloped in behind to fit into the figure. The front was double-breasted, and buttoned with vegetable ivory buttons. The pants came to just below the knee, and were of a moderate fulness; two rows of silk galloon being stitched down the outer seam. A toque of black felt, with a small black wing in the left side, was worn with this suit. Stockings of dark gray, brown and slate color are preferred to the bright reds and blues of a season or two past.

Overcoats for boys are made in the straight sacque fashion, and bound with wide worsted or silk braid. Large flat buttons of vegetable ivory, with eyes instead of shanks, are preferred to any other kind. For a later season the deep Ulster overcoats, of heavy rough beaver or chinchilla cloth, will be preferred to any other fashion. In our "Work Table" for this week we give description and detailed account of the making of this garment, so merely allude to it here.

And now to the mammas and older sisters. We cannot omit the description of a charming costume, suitable for visiting, and the receptions now so much in vogue. It was composed of plain plum blue fallle, combined with matelasse of the same tint, and also velvet of a shade darker. The front and side breadths of the underskirt were composed of the plain fallle. A plaited flounce of velvet trimmed the bottom of the front and side breadths. The tablier overskirt, a deep square apron, was made of the matelasse, and had two wide sash shaped pieces of velvet laid on each side, and fastened with silk buttons. On the right side, a deep plaited pocket of fallle, trimmed with buttons and edged with fringe, was placed. A double box plait of matelasse was placed on the back breadth and apparently buttoned on, down the entire length of the left side, by silk buttons similar to those upon the sidepieces of velvet. The matelasse apron was fastened back under this double box plait; and was draped, by means of upturned plaits on each side. The waist consisted of sleeveless cuirass of velvet, with vest in front of matelasse, and plastron of same in the back. Sleeves of the fallle, with a bias of velvet on the outer seam, held down by silk buttons; a deep cuff of matelasse and velvet. Deep silk fringe, heavily knotted, edged the apron overskirt. Muff to accompany this suit, was made of the matelasse edged with silver fox's fur, and having a band of velvet ribbon to match the tint of the costume around the middle, with bows and long hanging ends. Hat of plum blue felt, with wide flared rim, velvet lined. Bow of fallle and aigrette of heron feathers in front, to the left of the middle. Long ostrich plume of pale gray, falling back over the crown, and scarf of plum blue fallle around the crown. Altogether it was one of the most *recherché* costumes we have seen, and could well be copied in less expensive material.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Nets for the hair are coming back into vogue. A very sensible idea for the windy days of late autumn.

Long scarfs of soft twilled serge, with a netted slip or loop to hold them in place about the throat, and with deeply fringed ends, are much worn.

Necklaces of gold beads, in two rows, and made in Roman and Etruscan gold, are very fashionable.

Heavy cable chains, of French gold, are worn as "dog collars" about the neck.

Broad Puritan collars of fine white linen, and sailor collars of guipure and Irish lace, are worn by boys and girls irrespectively, of from four to nine years of age.

Alternate bands of otter and grebe are used as trimming for sealskin sacques and muffs, by some of the fashionable houses.

Evening dresses in light tints are embroidered in silk of lighter shade, and thickly dotted, or "pearled" as the French say, with fine imitation seed pearls. The effect by gaslight is excellent.

Dresses of pale blue and pink Sicilienne and cashmere, are trimmed with gathered flounces of sheer French muslin, wrought on the edge with Hamburg work, are worn by little misses for evening and party toilette.

Sashes of dark blue and cardinal are worn as much as the sombre brown, sometime fashionable for little folks.

Overdresses of diamond-patterned drap-d'ete, in black and very dark blue, are fashionably worn over black silk underskirts.

Bracelets of closely woven hair braid, and clasped with silver, are much worn with mourning toilettes.

High boots, of French kid, edged with fur, and lined with thick flannel, are shown for winter wear.

Flat passementerie tassels and cords, agaffes, etc., of heavy silk twist, are used for trimming upon pockets, etc.

Most of the waterproofs are made with sleeves and a cape.

Black cashmere capes are worn entirely covered with jet and crimped tape fringe.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We propose in this number to give description of Ulster overcoats for boys of from six to nine. The number of yards required for it, and the material, are, for a child of seven years, four yards, of twenty-seven inch wide cloth, and the best material is heavy chinchilla. The back is cut in two pieces, and is the straight sack back cut loosely. It is left open in the middle seam, about eight inches from the bottom. A waistband, two and a half inches wide and from twenty-four to thirty inches long, having a buckle with tongue on one end, and the other cut pointed so as to slip readily in, is fastened on at the waist by strips of cloth an inch wide and three long, sewed on the coat at the waist on the arm scye. The belt is passed through these strips, and fastens in front. The fronts are long sacque-shaped pieces, provided with deep comfortable pockets, and are double-breasted. At the throat is simply a band of the material, upon which is fastened a deep, pointed hood, which falls over the back of the shoulders, and may be drawn at will over the head in cold and stormy weather. The sleeves are loose fitting coat sleeves, with cuffs that are a continuation of the sleeve, and can be drawn downwards over the hand. Lining of scarlet or gray domet flannel. No more serviceable or practical garment for a child in winter could be designed. We furnish patterns and full directions for making the same on application.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. S. H. J. (Clarksburg, Harrison Co., Pa.)—Received your order for polonaise pattern, and have sent the same by mail on 21th inst.

Miss M. A. C. (Baltimore.)—Received your letter, and replied to it and queries therein contained by mail.

Annie K.—Make your blue evening silk with long train, flounce with fine knife plaitings of sheer, Swiss or French muslin. Wear your overdress of Swiss and Valenciennes insertion over it, and loop with blush roses and blue sash.

Miss L. C. V.—We cannot advise you concerning the dyeing of your hair, which you say is very luxuriant, but quite gray; because we do not approve of the custom. There are dyes that are said to be harmless, but we doubt the truth of the assertion. Better consult a trustworthy physician on the subject.

Nikon.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Dead Oil, the residuary product of the manufacture of illuminating gas, a very deadly compound having the combined odors of petroleum and creosote, will instantly destroy the little tufts of grass which insist on growing on carriage ways. It costs only a few cents a gallon, and is very easily applied.

We mentioned some months ago that an International Horticultural Exhibition was to be held in Amsterdam in 1876, with which was to be combined an exhibition of vegetable productions, chiefly from the Dutch colonies, and a botanical congress. It has since been arranged that the horticultural exhibition for 1876 shall be held in Brussels, and the display in Amsterdam in 1877.

Marvelous Printing Invention.—A wonderful invention has been patented by the Victoria Printing Machine Company, in a machine which can turn out, ready for the reader, 4,000 copies of a work, containing twenty-four pages, bound together, without any manipulative aid. The machine has cost about £30,000, and requires no "feeding," as it regulates its own supply, taking in a sheet at one end, and, in less than a second, ejecting it at the other, printed, and with the pages stitched together, and ready for the booksellers.

Tobacco.—The products of the combustion of tobacco, if the combustion were complete, would be carbonic anhydride, ammonia, and water; in the process of smoking, however, most of the tobacco is distilled rather than burnt, and the products of this distillation are numerous and complex. Vohl and Eulenburg, after burning one hundred and fifty cigars, recognised with distinctness, in the smoke, hydrocyanic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, certain acids of the fatty acid series—namely, formic, acetic, propionic, butyric, and valerianic; also carbolic acid and creosote, piridin, picolin, and other similar alkaloids. They found also ammonia, nitrogen, oxygen, and small quantities of marsh gas and carbonic oxide.

Colored Candies.—The coloring substances used in the manufacture of red candies are either carmine or aniline red, both harmless. In blues, either ultramarine or Prussian blue is used, both harmless. In yellow, saffron, chromate of lime, chromate of baryta chromate of lead, gamboge, or yellow vegetable colors precipitated by alum or chalk. Chromate of lead and gamboge are poisons. As to flavors, oil of peppermint is often adulterated with oil of turpentine. The other flavors are generally artificial ethers, many of which are considered injurious. It will be safe to avoid highly colored orange, yellow, and green candies, and all highly flavored candies. In some kinds of candy starch sugar, or glucose, is used as a substitute for cane sugar, and starch is used instead of gum arabic. Both these substances are harmless.

The Force of Wind.—A wind that moves but one mile an hour is scarcely perceptible, and has, according to Smeaton, a perpendicular force on one square foot of .005 of a pound. A gentle wind moves at the rate of four miles an hour, and presses on one square foot .079 of a pound. A pleasant gale moves from ten to fifteen miles an hour, and has a perpendicular force of from 402 of a pound to 1.007 pounds. A high wind moves at a velocity of thirty and thirty-five miles an hour, and has a perpendicular force of from four to six pounds avoirdupois on one square foot. A hurricane travels at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and has a force of 31.490 pounds per square foot. It is not difficult to comprehend from this table how mighty oaks that have stood for years are levelled in an instant, and paths made through the forests, where the stubborn undergrowth defied the power of man.

Veneered Diamonds.—This is the latest imitation, and anybody who chooses can do it for himself and have a small goiconda for himself, in a very short time and at a trifling cost. They are sometimes called "Parisian diamonds," from the fact of their origination in Paris. The process of preparation is described as follows: The body is of crystal (quartz) which is the hardest and best substance that could possibly be used for the purpose. Then, after the crystals are cut in proper shape, they are put into a galvanic battery, which coats them over with a liquid, that is made of diamonds which are too small to be cut and the chippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. Thus all of the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been comparatively worthless, can now, since this great discovery, be used to produce diamond liquid. The originator claims to have spent twenty-eight years in perfecting his process, which he claims to be a great discovery. What next?

POSTSCRIPTS.

How to make advice go a long way—send it by telegraph.

Under a recent Supreme Court decision California uncles may marry their nieces if the latter will have them.

The length of deep sea cable laid in the world is 70,000 miles. The world telegraphic lines extend over 400,000 miles, and there are 160,000 miles of railroad.

In Berlin, where beer is the universal beverage, no less than 15,746 persons were arrested for drunkenness last year. Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth!

What next? It is now announced that in the course of the next thousand years the whole globe will be covered with water to the depth of thirty feet. Select your trees, gentlemen!

The proverb maker says: "Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton night-cap." If there is any contentment in a plain cotton night-cap it must be found when the gas is turned down.

The old bell which called together the Virginia Convention of 1775, in Richmond, when Patrick Henry uttered his stirring sentence, "Give me liberty or give me death!" is still in use in Martinsville, in that State.

"How many little ones now, grandmother?" you ask Queen Victoria, since the Duchess of Edinburgh increased the number by one, and the good old lady will smilingly reply, "Twenty-seven, sir—twenty-seven grandchildren, thank you—bless their little hearts!"

The astronomer Leverrier has placed the letters O. P. after his name, and now proposes to take partial charge of the weather bureau. He has made a prediction which is noteworthy. It is that the winter of 1875-76 will be uncommonly severe. Enormous quantities of snow are to fall in December and January.

In Great Britain there are 410,000 men employed in the coal mines below ground, and 105,000 engaged above ground. The coal mined each year amounts to 128,600,000 tons. On an average 1,000 men are killed every year and 4,000 wounded. In the last half century 50,000 men have been killed in the mines and some 200,000 were wounded.

A LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

The Reverend Brown, in matrimony's chains
A pair uniting, gave a short address;
He spoke of wedlock, all its joys and pains,
Its power at times to curse as well as bless.
When "marriage blends two lives," he would have said,
He slipped his tongue and gave out "blinds" instead.
No need, good sir, the blunder back to call;
"Blinds" is too oft the right word, after all.

The Way to Get Even.—There is only one way to get square with this Atlantic cable extortion, and that is to use the fewest possible words and the longest ones you can think of. Don't say, "I will come;" "father is sick;" "your draft is accepted," or use any of those terse expressions. Say "expeditiously I circumnudulate;" "father pleuroperipneumonically degenerates," or some little simple thing of that nature, and then you'll get your money's worth, even at seventy-five cents a word.

Crime in its most appalling shape is constantly cropping out in the great city of London. What would you think of a small boy who would open a cab-door for a lady and then ask her to give him a penny or two for the service? This crime was actually committed by a small London boy recently. But luckily he was caught in the very act, and on being indicted and tried for "begging," was sentenced to one month's imprisonment in jail and sent to a reformatory for five years. Justice is a thing you can't fool with everywhere.

The World's Workshop.—It is stated that a week's work in Birmingham comprises, among its various results, the fabrication of 14,000,000 pens, 5,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 5,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, six tons of papier-mache wares, over 30,000l. worth of jewelry, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hair pins and hooks and eyes, 130,000 gross of wood screws, 500 tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, fifty tons of wrought iron hinges, 350 miles length of wax for vestas, forty tons of refined metal, forty tons of German silver, 1,000 dozen of fenders, 3,500 bellows, 800 tons of brass and copper wares—these, with a multitude of other articles, being exported to almost all parts of the globe.

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M.D.

The Society was founded March, 1812, "for the acquirement, increase, simplification and diffusion of Natural Knowledge," as the records tell us, by benevolent persons emulous to excel each other in carrying forward their projected work. The act incorporating the society is dated March 24, 1817.

From its foundation the Academy has met weekly. The results of its labors are recorded in a journal (quarto), and

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

in the Proceedings, 8vo, which are exchanged with more than two hundred kindred societies at home and abroad.

The society possesses more than 22,000 volumes of scientific works, and vast collections of natural objects. The collection of birds, and the collection of shells are unequalled in the world, and other departments of the museum are very full, though far from complete.

For its support and progress it is entirely indebted to the labors and contributions of its members, and to many intelligent and generous citizens, who have furnished means to erect the handsome building at the corner of Race and

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

Nineteenth streets, which when finished will have cost about $190,000, besides the site. This is only the north wing of the projected edifice. The lot on which it is built has a frontage of 288 feet on Nineteenth street, and a depth of 198 feet on Race street. The architecture of the new edifice is that of the Collegiate Gothic, and the material used is serpentine stone with trimmings of Ohio sandstone.

It is hoped that the legislature of the State at its next session may be pleased to contribute enough to the building-fund to enable the trustees to commence the erection of the main building in the spring of 1876, in which it is proposed to display only those specimens which will be illustrative of the natural resources of the State, and to provide a lecture-room in it for the purpose of teaching the several branches of Natural Sciences.

Moving into the new wing has been begun. It is estimated that the collections will be arranged and ready for public inspection about the first of next April. With the expense of transportation, the cost of additional cases necessary to display the collections, together with requisite remodelling of old cases, glazing, painting, &c., it is conjectured that this moving will require an expenditure of not much less than $25,000.

It has been calculated that the construction of the new cases in the museum will consume 70,000 square feet of the best white pine lumber.

Contributions to the building-fund will be thankfully received. The academy is legally classed among the Charitable institutions of the city, because its labors yield no pecuniary return, and supply freely mental food of a valuable kind to the public.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The Academy of Fine Art—whose magnificent new gallery, on Broad street, just above Arch, is progressing radually towards completion—was founded in 1805, by the voluntary contributions of a number of Philadelphians, an was incorporated in 1807, by act of Assembly. The aim of this institution, o of the worthiest and noblest in the great City of Brotherly Love, as set fort in its charter, is to improve and refine the public taste for works of art, and to cultivate and encourage our native genus by "providing elegant and approve specimens of the arts for imitation." Its first annual exhibition was held in 181, and over five hundred specimens of th skill of both painter and sculptor wer then displayed. For many years the academy was located in a modern Ionic bilding standing on the site of the present merican Theatre, Chestnut street, above Tenth, but six years ago steps wertaken to rear a larger building, and on more worthy the standing of the institution and its treasures. The Presider, Mr. James L. Claghorn, found among his personal acquaintances twenty-for men willing to give ten thousand dllars apiece for the purpose, and no difficulty was had in getting enough more to make up the five hundred thousand dllars which the now nearly finished building is expected to cost. It is of a modfied Gothic style, having a front of 10 feet on Broad street, and a depth, on Cherry, of 258. The principal front is to be two stories high, ornamented with encaustic tiles, terra-cotta statuary and light tone dressings, the wall being laid in paterns of red and white brick. Over the main entrance there will be a large Gothic window, with rose tracery. The Cherry street front will be of similar materials and relieved by a colonnade supporting a series of arched windows, bac of which will be a transept with a pointed gable. The building will have galleries for casts from sculpture, life-class rooms, lecture rooms, and retiring rooms on the first floor; while upon the second will be located the grand gallery, 75 by 42 feet; the "Gilpin" gallery, (to contain a hundred thousand dollars worth of art treasures, bequeathed by the late Henry D. Gilpin,) 95 by 42 feet, together with a number of smaller exhibition rooms. The general appearance of the building conveys a fine idea of the third Venetian style. The art collection of this academy are the most valuable in this country, comprising the masterpieces of Stuart, Sully, Neagle, Benjamin West, Allston and Wittkamp. Its marbles, and fac-similes are very fine and many in number. Its gallery of casts from the relics of antiquity is especially instructive. The academy is now under the supervision of gentlemen who have always been lovers and patrons of art, and has the promise of great prosperity and success.

THE TRAGEDY OF EAGLE COVE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"Margery! Margery!"

It was a woman's voice, and it rang out shrill and clear on the October air; shrill and clear, albeit so full of sorrow and of fear—and it reached the ears for which it was intended, but failed to find the heart of Margery Dean—the only child of her mother, "and she a widow," it was said.

"Oh, Margie! *Don't go*," pleaded the mother. "You shall have your way, only don't risk your life such an afternoon as this is. Won't you listen to me, child? Won't you come back to me?"

"No, I won't!" murmured the girl, decisively.

She was pushing her boat out, as she spoke—out from the beach, whose sands were thick with tiny shells, and dotted here and there with debris that had drifted in from the sea, and had you seen her then, you would have forgotten her danger and forgiven her waywardness, under the spell of her magnificent beauty. Her mother—born weak mentally and physically—stood watching her with eyes the sight of whose agony might have fleshened a heart of stone, and reaching her brown old hands out in entreaty that the young girl would not see.

"It's everything *to me*, dear," the old lady's voice moaned. "It's *my* life you are tempting the good God to take; *my* life, Margery! don't you know it?"

The girl's arms were folded in her lap, the pretty, painted oars, just held in their locks by the pretty, ungloved hands that knew so well how to manage them, and yet would be powerless against such a storm as threatened Eagle Cove and all the world around, that gray October afternoon. Her red scarf fluttered in the wind that tore up from the bar like some live, angry thing; her gypsy hat, suspended by its velvet ties from her perfect neck, vibrating from side to side, and floating hither and yon like a restless butterfly; her brown cheeks flushed; eyes like stars, only not soft nor quiet in their splendor, and her full lips, ashen from very shame, or anger, or both together, but certainly not from fear.

Her little boat, tossed up and down—and floating out a little with the flood—though the great waves were beginning to break upon the beach—seemed a frail thing to interpose betwixt a human soul and the mysteries of its heritage in the Hereafter—and—could it be that so young and so lovely and so beloved, the girl was courting death?

She lifted her oars presently, pushing herself close up to the shore, never once turning her eyes from the face of the woman to whom she was, indeed, all life, all love, all heaven.

"Mother," she said, and her voice trembled a little, though it was overfull of bitterness—"my life may have been yours once; but it is my own to-day, and I shall venture it wherever the winds may drift me. Don't turn so white; don't tremble so. Don't come any closer or you will drive me away before I have said the little that I would not leave unsaid."

"Come home, then," cried the mother. "Come back to the home I've tried my best to make fair and sweet for my beautiful, my own! For you are mine, Margie! And if you have no love, you should have pity for your poor mother who pleads to you from the sands she could kneel and kiss because your feet have dimpled them. Oh, my darling, my darling, come home with me!"

"No, mother; I cannot. I should die there, in the close, accursed air. I could not live a minute. The storm is suited to my mood, and my mood is—madness."

"But we will go away, dear; go anywhere, so that you will forget and be happy."

"Mother! Do you think I could forget and be happy *anywhere*? Do you think that, mother?"

"Maybe you'd not forget; but you'd grow used to the knowledge—so new and so hard to bear to-day—and be measurably glad, I think."

"*Used* to it! Used—to knowing that I've no rights in the world—no name—no anything that a woman may be proud to mention as her birthright. I'd be of little worth to the world if I *could* get used to *that*."

The mother had covered her face and was rocking herself backward and forward, moaning softly, as if only to her God.

After a while the girl spoke again, sharply, almost fiercely.

"Why didn't you tell me, years ago?" she said. "Why did you wait till life had grown so dear, and the world so sweet to me? Or why, rather, did you tell me at all?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I meant all for the best—for *your* best, my dear. Think a minute, Maggie, how hard it must have been for me to tell to you—*to you*, my innocent child—the story of a shame which your life must share with mine. And I said to myself, 'when she is a woman grown—when she has a lover of her own, I will tell her; it is her right to know, and she will be tender, then; and forgive me.'"

At the mention of her lover, Margery's face had dropped to the shelter of her palms. For a long time it lay there, and when she lifted it at last, it was like that of one who had been dead for hours.

"I do forgive you," she said, quietly. "It is not for me to judge of your temptation or your sin; but they made me what I am—a waif and an outcast! What you have suffered all these years, only you and God know, and I would not leave you now in bitterness, the remembrance of which shall be added torture for the years that yet may come to you."

She spoke so calmly, so like one who has suffered the pain of death, and who turns back from the border of the Beyond for just a few last words, which surely should be kind, no matter what has gone before. She had stepped from her little boat, and stood holding its chain in her right hand, while with her left she was smoothing the grey disordered hair that once had been

"Braided, and jeweled, and kissed,"

and the storm was rising fast. There was only sorrow in the young voice when it spoke again.

"You did not dream of an hour like this in those far-off days, did you? No thought of a possible *me* troubled the sweets of that dangerous time, and hold you back that I might not ever suffer the pain and shame that have blighted all my days just when love had crowned and throned them? Of course you did not, and I do not mean to reproach you. I may have said harsh things to-day, little mother; but I have been dying of something that took away my sense of justice to you, and left me only the consciousness of life-long shame to me. The pain is over now. I do not sorrow any more, because everything is lost to me. I am very, very happy, and I *love you*, little mother."

She bent and kissed the lips, across which the shadow of a smile crept feebly, whispered a tender "good-bye," and was in her boat again, and gone from shore ere the mother wakened from her dream of coming comfort.

A scream, such as the grey cliffs had never echoed before, startled the eaglets in their eyrie, and curdled the blood of the fishermen whose boats were anchoring a full half mile below.

And the mad waves climbed higher and higher up the beach where no human thing was, and where only the white shells and the debris from the sea could be tossed and toyed with, all the dreary day.

The fishermen told how lustily they called to the mad girl rowing with all her might towards the terrible Bar, and how it seemed to them, even then, that they could see the white face of a woman following in the wake of the flying boat. But life was sweet to them, and the storm and the surf were almost certain death, and so, with none to hinder, Margery Dean and her mother passed out together

"To where, beyond those islands, there is peace."

At sunset the storm had spent its fury, and was sobbing itself to sleep in the caverns under the cliffs and in the hollows of the rocks.

The eagles had come down from their nests, and Rodmond Le Conte was watching them swoop gracefully down for food, and rise again circling and soaring to the wee ones waiting above; but he was not thinking of them at all. He was seeing the white face of Margery, beautiful Margery Dean, as he had seen it only that morning when its white lips told him the story of her birth; and he was thinking how cruel his words had been to her, *to her*, the girl who loved him so, and whom he knew now was dearer to him than anything the world could give beside. He had not known *how* dear, till in the hot passion of a moment he had flung her from him forever, *forever* though he knew it not, and had gone away in spite of her reaching hands and the scared look in her eyes.

He was going back to her. How happy he was. He would win her forgiveness, and she should be his wife—his beloved and honored wife! How brave and strong he felt to defy the world.

Margery! *His* Margery!

How fairly she had dealt by him—not concealing, not excusing, not pleading for herself at all. And how he loved her. What did it matter to him that she was nameless? She was good and true and beautiful, and she loved him with all her sweet young soul.

Ah, Rodmond Le Conte, you should before have thought of that!

A bend in the road, and he was face to face with something "cast up by the sea."

Two figures, stark and cold, clasped breast to breast, and on two faces the seal that is eternal!

When—half an hour later—the fishermen passed that way, the perfect figure of Margery Dean lay close to the dead heart of her lover, and the poor mother was alone among the bruising rocks.

And to this day it is said that the ghosts of the young lovers linger about the rocks of Eagle Cove, followed always by a phantom with reaching hands and snow white hair, and eyes that plead for pardon.

At such times the fishermen look well to the moorings of their boats, and safely housed and sheltered, wait contented for the wild storm sure to follow, while they tell to their children's children the story of Margery Dean.

Secret of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since few great ones are let on long leases.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—A Strange Story. Thrown Overboard. Tied to the Track. How He Lost Her. In Childhood. Trifles. Margaret Blair's Stratagem; or, A New Love Test.

Gipsy.—If your own charms have no effect in winning the young man's affections, we know of none that we can advise you to try.

H. S. Wells.—The two wrecks you speak of occurred on the following dates: the White Star Steamer Atlantic, off Halifax, April 30, 1873, 500 lives lost; and the Schiller, a German Ocean Steamer, lost off the Scilly Rocks, on May 7th, 1875; 311 lives lost.

E. F. M.—If you have been introduced to the gentleman, you were quite right to bow when you met him; if not, you were wrong in doing so. If the gentleman wished to make your acquaintance, he would manage to obtain an introduction to you.

J. N. Q. (Lambertville.)—We are very sorry indeed to hear of your misfortunes, but trust times will get better. We shall make inquiries regarding the railroad you mention, and shall write you by mail just as soon as we have anything to communicate.

Stella.—We can scarcely judge; common courtesy would suggest that the gentleman should escort you home. His offer to do so would be no proof that he is to love with you. We are inclined to think from what you say, that he is not, and is afraid you should think he is. Put yourself in his way as little as possible, and if he cares for you, he will then come forward. Avoid giving any cause to your friends to couple your names together.

Mollie G.—The quotation to which you refer, and of which you give us the first two lines, is as follows: Longfellow is the author:

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portals we call Death."

Tillie M. (Tipton, Ind.)—"Who was Grace Darling, and is she still alive?" Grace Darling was born in 1815 and died in 1842. Her father was keeper of the Longstone lighthouse, on one of the Farne Islands. On the night of the 6th of September, 1838, a steamer was wrecked on one of the crags. Thirty-eight persons perished. Fifteen were discovered surviving when morning came. Grace launched a boat, and, with her father, succeeded in saving nine. The other six escaped by other means.

Inquirer.—"Why do editors always use the word 'we' in writing, instead of 'I'? I never could understand why they do so." It is done simply to avoid the appearance of egotism in the too frequent use of the pronoun "I." The plural style was used also by the English kings, and is erroneously credited by Coke's Institute to the time of King John, but Richard, the Lion Heart, adopted the royal "we," and from that it has been imitated by the editorial fraternity, for the reason above stated.

J. S. E. (Scranton.)—We have always been opposed to the use of hair dyes, as we could never see any sense in the custom. If persons knew how ridiculous they look when the hair begins to grow, and shows its natural color at the roots, and the artificial tint in other parts, they would see the absurdity of it. Dyed hair mostly has a very unnatural hue, and is invariably unbecoming to the complexion. There is only one excuse for using hair dye, that is, when the hair turns gray while its owner is very young.

J. P. W.—We think we once before replied to a similar question, and that not so very long ago either. The Queen of England, in her royal capacity, receives altogether from the public purse £385,000 a year, of which amount, however, she has only absolute control over £60,000 a year. The Crown lands, however, in possession of the Government bring in about as much yearly as the Queen's total income, so that virtually she costs the country nothing, for the Crown lands are as much the property of the Crown as the estates of noblemen or joint stock companies are private property.

Gray.—The recipe you refer to was not "brandy and olive oil," but rum and castor oil, four ounces of each, with ten drops of any scent such as bergamot or oil of roses. This, however, will only promote the growth of hair, but will not effect any change in its color. If you wish to restore the color of your hair, you might try the following mixture: Four ounces of rose water, one drachm of sulphur, and half a drachm of sugar of lead. Let these ingredients be well mixed, and before using them shake the vial which contains the mixture well. Apply to the hair twice a day till you see it begin to change, and then stop.

Jennie.—The population of modern Jerusalem has been very differently estimated—and no doubt it increases by some thousands at the season of the annual religious feasts—but 15,000 appears to be the most probable average population; and while the Mohammedans are the masters, the Jews form the decided majority, being, it is likely, not far short of 8,000. They come in a constant stream from every part of the world, many of them on pilgrimages, by which they hope to acquire a large fund of merit, and then return again to their native country; the greater number that they may die in the city of their fathers, and obtain the most cherished wish of their heart by being buried on Mount Olivet.

Old Maid.—We agree with you heartily in all that you say regarding old bachelors. In all ages "single blessedness," as you ironically term it, has been held to be disreputable. In many lands it was an offence at law. The Roman censors frequently imposed fines on unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged to marry. The Spartan women at certain games laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them round their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace. By an old English Act passed in 1695, after twenty-five years of age a tax was levied upon bachelors in England—£12 10s. for a duke, and for a common person 1s. Bachelors were subjected to a double tax on their male and female servants in 1785.

A Mother.—We are not prepared to go quite so far as you do, in saying that smoking is injurious in every case, and should, therefore, not be indulged in at all, but we do agree with you that the practice is injurious to young people. Upon this point there can be no doubt whatever, and there is no question on which the medical faculty are more agreed than upon this. The health and growth of body mainly depend on the healthy development of the brain, which, in man, does not arrive at maturity until about the twenty-third year. Anything that retards its development, like such a powerful narcotic as tobacco, must be injurious to the system of a young lad. So upon purely physical grounds, if no other, we do not like to see youths and very young men indulging in the habit of smoking.

N. J. M. (Fairview.)—"Please tell me what is the rule about Philopenas, and, if you can, the origin of the custom?" We believe the custom is for two persons to eat each the half of a double almond, and then the one who first calls "Philopena" the next time they meet is entitled to a present from the other. The origin of this custom, is as follows: The people of Alsace and Lorraine were formerly under German rule, as they now are; but while a part of France, they lost, in a great measure, the use of the German language, and what they retained became corrupt: it was an old custom among them for young couples to engage themselves by eating the halves of double almonds, and then to salute each other as "well beloved" each time they met. The word in German was "vielliebchen;" but having forgotten the meaning of this word they gradually changed into "philipe," which sounds like it, and "philippina." This is now their form of salutation.

Miscellaneous.—John R.—You should not propose to the young lady until you have some ground for supposing that you are not indifferent to her. Constant Reader.—Horse is not to any way injurious either for the hair or the teeth. B. B.—Take warning from the misfortunes of others, that others may not take warning by your own. Anxious Inquirer.—If the facts are as you have stated, there is no cause for anxiety on your part. Be more careful in the future however. S. M.—Better tell the young lady that you love her, and request her hand in marriage. Then if she prefers the other, you may seek another lady love. Mabel C.—If the gentleman is aware of your rudeness, then, of course, you should ask his pardon; if he is not, then let the matter pass. Blanche.—Do not write, but wait till you meet, and treat him kindly; you will make it up again. A. Dell.—It all depends upon the relations existing between you and him; not knowing these, we cannot advise you in the matter. A. L. M.—You are not too young to get married, if you can get a husband who is steady and able to support you. R. T.—The fifth of May, 1805 fell upon a Friday. T. F. K.—The poem is too common, and known to every school boy, so we cannot republish it in our columns. A. Seymour.—If you will send us a stamped envelope, addressed, we will be happy to give you the information you want by mail. W. T. M.—We do not believe that there is anything unlucky in wearing opals. J. McG.—Sonpanils (clean of course,) with a little spirit mixed with it, will in most cases remove freckles, and also give a clear complexion. J. T. J.—We cannot publish the story you speak of, as the copyright is not our property. Dreamer.—It is the common ordeal of life, and we must all pass through it alone.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

"Fool!" cried Brierly, "why should you fall? Who will suspect you? I hated Harry Fairfield.

"The power I held over you, I have exchanged for my triumph over him; you have gained in safety, I in revenge; and where is the evidence to prove that I or you fired the farm of Harry Fairfield?"

"Here, here!" cried Tim, springing to his feet, partially sobered by his sleep in the snow.

"Ah!" cried Brierley, leaping round.

Josiah uttered a gasping cry, and turned to flee. But with a bound Tim sprang upon them.

"Accursed villains!" he cried, "I have heard enough to show that you fire is the work of your hands, and, by Heaven! I will denounce you—drag you to justice or die in the attempt."

"Fool! you have learned too much," cried Brierley, flinging Tim from him, and tearing the gun from Nib's hand; "your babbling tongue must be silenced for ever."

"Ah, coward!" cried Tim. "Help, help!"

"Fool!" yelled Brierley, striking him a blow with the butt-end of the gun on the head, and felling him to the ground. "Meddling fool, die!"

Again and again he struck at the head of Tim as he lay once more in the snow.

Then stooping down, he looked into his face and felt his bosom.

"He is silenced," he said, "and cannot harm us."

"What—what have you done?" gasped Nib, horrified and powerless.

"Saved you from a gallows," said Brierley. "Fool, why do you stand quaking there?

Whose gun is this?"

"Harry Fairfield's," was the reply.

"So much the better; it will serve our purpose now. There let it lay beside this corpse. Another and a fearful evidence against the man I hate."

Then seizing Nib by the arm, he continued—

"Rouse yourself, fool! Put on a look of courage if you cannot feel it. Come, you have nought to fear. Let's away."

And half dragging the trembling Josiah along, he hurried through the deep snow towards the mill.

CHAPTER III.

It was Christmas morning. The snow had ceased to fall, and the sickly sunbeams forcing a passage through the heavy clouds, fell on a scene of widespread ruin, desolation and despair.

Where the old farm-house had stood, where the well-filled barns and large stables had reared their heads, now lay only a heap of blackened, charred, and smoking ruins.

Amid heaps of rubbish and white snow trodden into black slush, stood, with tearful eyes and sorrowful faces, the rustics, who the eve before, had been so happy and joyous.

All was changed. Even the proud, upright form of the young farmer was bent with sorrow. "Oh, this is a bitter blow," he murmured, as he gazed upon the terrible scene; "yesterday, all so joyous, to-day ruin and desolation."

And the young farmer bowed his head sorrowfully on his hands.

At this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the voice of Brierly said:

"This is a sad change, farmer—very sad."

Harry recoiled, as if stung by a serpent.

"You—you here, Mr. Brierley?" he said. "Have you come to feast your eyes on my ruin, and triumph in my misery?"

"Not so, farmer. Yesterday you were a proud and prosperous man, to-day you are ruined and despairing. Yesterday I hated, but to-day I pity you. I would not have held out one hand to save you from sinking, but now I offer you two to pull you up. Give me your hand, farmer, and if I can do anything to assist you, command me."

"Mr. Brierley, we have, perhaps, both been hasty and uncharitable to each other, but let bygones be bygones. I thank you for your offer, but must decline it."

"This is pride, Harry. I tell you I would be your friend. Can I assist you?"

"No, I thank you. It is true the old farm is gone, and the plentiful harvest has perished, but I thank Heaven I am insured, and though I am pained at the loss of the old house, and at the thoughts of the many it will injure this bitter winter, yet I am not a ruined man."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, and yet I fear——"

And William Brierly paused abruptly.

"Fear what?" asked Harry.

"That the fire occurring so soon after your effecting the insurance will lead to a deal of inquiry and trouble."

"Wherefore?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"Because insurance companies are always on the lookout for some means to escape payment, and if, the fire occurring so quickly, they could make it appear the work of an incendiary, depend upon it they would only be too glad to do so to save their gold, but, of course, you have nothing to fear in that direction. Your character is too high for suspicion."

"Heaven knows it has always been so," said Harry.

"Well, I am sorry for you, farmer, and if you see cause to alter your decision, and will accept aid from me, I hope you will do so. Yesterday we were foes; let our quarrel be forgotten, and give me your hand?"

"Willingly," said Harry, extending his hand, "for though I do not fear a foe, I would rather possess a friend. There is one favor, though, I will ask of you; since now I cannot employ the men discharged at the mill, that you will suffer them to return to their work?"

"They shall," said Brierley. "Once more, believe in my sympathy and willingness to aid you."

Harry bowed his head and turned away.

"The fool believes in my sincerity," muttered Brierley to himself. "So much the better, since, should a suspicion of the truth flash through his mind, he would now instantly spurn it. Easy, forgiving fool to believe that my enmity slumbers. I hate him, but I must play the hypocrite to further my own ends. Hallo! Mary comes this way to condole with her rustic lover. Ah, ah! but that love shall be blighted; the idol of her soul held up to infamy and disgrace, she will become mine."

Thus muttering to himself, he left the spot.

Mary Brierley, to whom the sad news of the fire had been carried, had hastened off to the scene of the conflagration.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" said the poor girl, her eyes filling with tears.

"Mary, the old farm is gone!"

"Oh, Harry, how did it happen?"

"That I know not," he replied. "I was aroused by the smell of fire, and hurried down to find the place in flames. All the hands that slept on the farm were asleep, and I had only time to wake them, and then it was too late to do aught but watch the destruction."

"Could it have been set on fire!" said Mary.

"That cannot be; I have no enemy. It must have been accidental, and all was safe when I retired, and I was the last up on the premises."

"Is is a sad, cruel blow," sighed Mary; "and to fall at such a season of peace and good-will."

"Aye, my darling; it was but yesterday I resolved, upon your father's return, to ask his consent to our union, but this fire has not only destroyed the house to which I hoped to convey my bride, but has blackened my prospects of winning you at his hands."

"Think it not, Harry. My father respects you, and even were it otherwise, my love is yours, dear Harry, and when you claim my hand, I will give it, let come what may."

"Bless you for that assurance, Mary. Certain of your love, I can defy all misfortune."

He raised her hand to his lips, as a slow cavalcade wound out of the lane into the space before the farm.

First came Squire Danvers, the justice of the peace, followed by two parish officers, one of them carrying a gun, and four rustics bearing between them the blood-stained and saturated body of Tim the carter, after whom followed Dolly, weeping passionately.

"Great Heaven! what is this!" cried the young farmer. "What fresh trouble has come to this quiet village!"

The cavalcade paused, and Danvers motioned them to lay the body of Tim on the ground.

Then, placing his hand on the shoulder of the young farmer, he said:

"Harry Fairfield, do you know this man?"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Harry; "it is my carter, Tim."

"When did you see him last?"

"But a short time before I retired last night. He drank too much and remained till the last, and I had to appear angry with him to rouse him to get home."

"You were the last that saw him here. Look at this gun."

The officer held it before him.

"It is mine; there is my name on the stock. It is covered with blood! What means this?"

While Harry was looking at the gun, Brierley and Josiah Nib joined the throng.

"Be careful," whispered Brierley to his companion; "a word, a look may betray you."

"How will it all end?" whispered Nib.

"In a rope round your neck, fool, unless you are bold."

"When was this gun in your possession?" asked the justice.

"When? Why late last night, when I loaded it and placed it behind the kitchen door."

"Harry Fairfield," said the justice, sternly, "this gun, with the blood-stains on its stock, preserved by the manner in which it lay, half covered by the carter's smock, was found beside the murdered body of this poor man in yonder lane. He was the last here; you were the last who saw the gun; the man is found murdered; the weapon is yours, and I must do my duty."

"What—what do your words convey!" cried Mary.

"That, at the present moment, suspicion points to Harry Fairfield."

"No, no!" cried Mary, clinging to her lover; "this cannot be. He a murderer! Impossible!"

"I a murderer!" cried Harry. "Good Heaven! who would think me guilty of such a crime!"

"As well might you *accuse him of setting fire to his farm to obtain the insurance*, because he only effected it a few weeks before it was burned down," said Brierley, in a pointed tone. "Why one suspicion would be as good as the other, were it not that both are so preposterous."

"And the man who would commit one crime would not hesitate at the other," said Josiah. "But then Harry Fairfield is not that man; he is too good, too honest, too respectable."

"Too good, too noble!" cried Mary. "No; never would he be guilty of such a deed, my soul upon it; never by thought was he ever guilty of such a crime."

"No, not even in thought," said Harry.

"Harry Fairfield," said the squire, "it is not for me to judge, but simply to do my duty. A murder has been committed, the weapon with which the deed was perpetrated is yours, and was in your possession a short time before—hence suspicion points to you."

"Why not order the officers to search yonder ruins for proofs that he set fire to his farm?" sneered Brierley. "One crime is just as likely as the other."

And it was with a thrill of joy the villain perceived that his words had told, for the officers hurried away among the ruins.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" cried Harry, "you do not believe me guilty?"

"Believe you guilty, Harry! Sooner would I believe my own hand struck the blow that deprived the poor wretch of life! But bear up, Harry! Heaven will not allow an innocent man to suffer, but will, ere long, unmask the assassin. You are innocent; I know it."

"Heaven bless you, my dear one! Yes, Heaven will shield me, and prove me as guiltless of this crime as a babe unborn."

And he clasped the poor girl to his bosom, as she buried her head on his shoulder.

"We don't see anything about the place except this coat, sir," said the officer, holding up the garment. "It was lying just under the hedge there, opposite the barn, where the fire evidently first commenced. It is the farmer's coat—the one he wore yesterday."

Harry looked at the coat.

"Yes, that is my coat, but how it came there I know not, since I threw it off in the kitchen when I loaded the gun."

The justice examined the coat narrowly for any signs of blood spots.

"There is nothing here to criminate you, farmer," he said—"at least not on the outside. What is this in your pocket?"

He thrust his hand into the pocket and drew out the tinder-box and several matches.

Brierley gave a start.

"*That looks black against him*," he said. Then he added, quickly:

"There is nothing there, I think, justice, to add to this ridiculous charge."

"Silence, sir!" returned the squire; "such a remark is uncalled for, after the one you inadvertently suffered to escape you.

"This tinder-box and matches in his coat pocket, this coat discovered near the spot where the fire originated, added to the circumstances of the murder, all point to the fact that Harry Fairfield, to obtain the insurance, fired his farm, was detected by his carter, and to hide one crime committed another. I hope I am wrong, but upon these suspicions I order him into custody."

"Order me to prison!" cried Harry. "Impossible! I am innocent—as Heaven is my judge, I am innocent!"

"Squire Danvers," said Brierley, "myself and Harry Fairfield have never been on friendly terms, but I would stake my existence on his innocence, and therefore I offer to be his bail, even to the utmost farthing I possess."

"Oh, William, how can I thank you?" cried Mary.

"Murder is not a bailable offence," said the justice. "Now, men, do your duty."

"No, no!" cried Mary; "he shall not go."

"Miss Brierley, he must to prison on suspicion of incendiarism and murder."

"Oh, Heaven! why am I tried thus?" moaned Harry. "This heart—this heart is free from crime. Mary, friends, neighbors, you all know me; you do not believe me guilty? Here—here, on the scene of my ruined home, I swear I am innocent!"

And as the officers tore Mary from his hold and she fell back in a swoon into Brierley's arms, Harry Fairfield sank upon his knee, and seizing Mary's hand, looked beseechingly up into her pale, rigid face.

"Mary, Mary!" he cried, "come what may, never believe me guilty."

Brierley turned a look of devilish triumph upon Josiah, and muttered to himself—

"He struck me; I have returned the blow. The hour of my triumph has come, and she will now be mine!"

CHAPTER IV.

Three years had passed away since the incidents recorded in the last chapter.

A modern brick building had risen on the ruins of the old farm.

Poor Tim the carter, though at first thought to be dead, under the skilful treatment of the parish doctor, slowly recovered his health and strength; yet all the incidents that transpired between his leaving the farm on the Christmas Eve, till he awoke to consciousness some weeks after, were an utter blank in his memory.

Many a time would he attempt to recall them as he sat in his little cottage with Dolly, now Mrs. Tim Whipall, but never could he get one gleam of the real facts to enter his brain, and never would, said the old doctor, unless some incident of a similar nature should occur to arouse the dormant faculty.

Under the guise of interest and unbounded friendship for the man he hated, William Brierley did all that was possible to bring the crime of incendiarism and attempted murder home to Harry, and after a long trial, the young farmer was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life.

This sentence prostrated poor Mary for many months, and threw a gloom over the village; but so kind, so attentive was William, that never for a single instant did the real truth flash across the mind of the poor girl.

There was but one who really knew him to be the villain and hypocrite he was, and that was Josiah Nib, once his slave, but now his master.

No sooner did Josiah feel himself secure, by the conviction of the innocent man, than his manner changed; and where he had pleaded and begged, he now bullied and threatened, and so played upon the purse of William as to threaten to drain it to the very dregs.

Mary's father had died, as firmly believing in the guilt of Harry as his daughter did in his innocence, leaving her all his wealth, but a considerable sum annually to William for carrying on the business of the mill; at the same time expressing a wish that they should marry.

But despite many appeals to Mary to bestow her hand upon him, William had yet failed to obtain the consent of the girl.

Thus things stood at Hazleberry three long years after the fire at the old farm.

Attired in deep mourning, looking with a dreamy expression from a window of the mill towards the farm, sat Mary Brierley.

"Three years," she muttered, "three long years, come Christmas, of misery and suffering to him. Oh, Heaven, to what a fearful doom is he consigned? Lifelong toil in a convict settlement, separated from all he loved. Oh, that I could gaze upon his face once more, but that, alas, I never can. To me he is dead—dead!"

She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. And while she sat absorbed in her grief, the door of the apartment opened, and William Brierley entered. Approaching the grieving girl, he took her hand.

"Sorrowing, Mary?" he said. "Oh, how it pains my heart to see you in grief. Would that I might comfort you."

"I shall never know comfort more, William," she said, sadly.

"Nay, do not speak thus. Of what use is it to repine for that which is wholly lost? If cruel destiny has robbed you of one heart, it gives you another whose love is as true. Oh, Mary, give me but one word of love."

"William," returned the young woman, "I have no love to give. I gave it once; bestowed it on one unworthy, perhaps, though I cannot believe it, and gave it for ever."

"Oh, that such a love was mine," said Brierley. "Mary, your love is yet your own to bestow; I ask it, implore it, for myself. Give me the right to comfort and protect you; be mine, and my whole life shall prove how deeply dear you are to me."

"William," she said, "I will not deny that your conduct since my father's death has caused me to look upon you as the best friend I have in the world; and though I respect, I cannot love you as a wife should love. My heart is Harry's in his exile, and my hand is all I can bestow."

"Give me but that and I will teach you to love me afterwards. Nay, Mary, do not let me plead in vain; say you will be my wife."

"If a wife without love, if a hand without the heart will suffice you, why—why——"

"You consent, you consent," cried William, eagerly; "you will be mine?"

"I will."

William caught her to his bosom.

"Thanks, thanks," he cried. "Oh, you know how I have longed for this moment. Now, now am I happy."

"If the possession of a broken-hearted woman can make you so. Then, release me, my heart is too cold to respond to your caresses."

She tore herself away from his hold and tried to leave the room.

"One word, one promise more. Do not delay my happiness; say you will be mine in one month—you will wed me on Christmas Day."

"It matters not when the sacrifice is made. I will go to the altar when you bid me."

"Then on Christmas Day you are mine and I am happy."

"And I. Oh, well, I shall never know happiness again."

And so saying, with a deep sigh, Mary Brierley turned from his presence.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Brierley, as he strode joyously up and down the room. "At length fulfilment of my hopes is at hand. Mary, I love you better than any other woman, but I love your gold better than all. Already I seem to clutch it within my grasp. Its glitter dashes the glare of the burning farm and its chink deadens the groans of our convict lover. It will stifle the voice of accusing conscience, and sparkle the last shining drop in my cup of vengance."

He turned to leave the room, when the door was flung open, and Josiah Nib confronted him.

William Brierley recoiled.

"You here?" he exclaimed. "How dare you intrude thus upon my privacy?"

"I dare a great deal, Mr. William Brierley," said Josiah.

"Too much. Let me tell you, Nib, you had better be careful, or you may intrude too far."

"And if I do," said Josiah, "what then?"

"We shall quarrel," said William.

"No, we shall not," said Josiah, with provoking coolness; "we cannot afford to quarrel; at least you cannot, Mr. Brierley, not now."

"What do you mean?" cried William.

"That it might be a very unfortunate thing for you to quarrel with me just when you have won the pretty Mary's promise to bestow her hand and fortune on you."

"Rascal, you have been listening."

"Well, *villain*, and if I have?" replied Josiah.

"By Heaven, this is too much. I will not endure it."

"But you *must*, Mr. Brierley. The time has long gone by when I was your servant; now I am your equal. You committed a crime and placed myself in your power; you committed another and placed yourself in mine. You did all but murder, transported an innocent man, and have repeatedly forged the name of the woman——"

"Peace, I say," cried William. "Think you I would have your words reach the ears of my cousin? Contemptible eavesdropper; but if you think by what you have overheard, you will wring more payment from me for your silence, you are mistaken."

"Now this is unkind, ungrateful," said Nib. "Here you are, at the present moment positively a beggar, without enough to refund the amount of the smallest check you have forged, and yet you begrudge to pay me for silence when one word of mine could prevent your possessing a pretty wife and thirty thousand pounds."

"Josiah Nib, you were a cringing cur when powerless, and in your fancied strength you are a cruel and exacting hound. Have you no mercy?"

"William Brierley, what mercy had you on me? Would anything less than the ruin of my very hopes of salvation satisfy you? No, you have made me what I am, and you shall abide the consequences of your deed.

"On Christmas Day you will become the husband of Mary, and her fortune will be your own, thirty thousand pounds. On Christmas Eve pay me fifteen thousand, and I will leave the country, and trouble you no more."

"No, nor yet a fifteenth part shall you have, greedy villain," cried William.

"Then not one farthing shall you possess, nor her hand either, for I——"

"Wretch, what would you do?" cried William Brierley, springing upon Nib, and seizing him by the throat. "What should prevent me strangling you, and flinging your worthless carcase into the mill stream?"

"This!" exclaimed Josiah Nib, drawing a pistol from his bosom, and placing its muzzle against the forehead of Brierley.

Brierley released his hold and recoiled.

"I am not so defenceless as you imagine, you see," said Josiah. "Experience has taught me always to be prepared for treachery in a hypocrite and a scoundrel."

"Confound you!" hissed Brierley.

"Bless me rather for saving you from committing another crime. There's no harm done, so now let's again to business."

And Josiah coolly returned the pistol to his bosom, just leaving the stock of the weapon sticking out, so as to be ready to his hand.

"If I were a greedy or an unforgiving man, I should now demand more, but I will take the fifteen thousand if paid on the eve of the wedding. I will not wait till after, oh, no!—the day before, or the girl shall be warned in time. I will not trust you, William Brierley, and I would not be present at the sacrifice. Now do you consent?"

A strange light flashed in Brierley's eyes, and he said:

"I must."

"Of course you must," said Nib, "and a very wise conclusion you have come to; see what you will gain by it, a pretty wife, fifteen thousand pounds, and a release for ever from the only man who could ever bring you to a felon's dock."

"Enough, leave me; I have much to think of, and would be alone," said Brierley.

"Since we now understand each other, I will not trespass further," said Nib. "Farewell, William Brierley, you will not forget—fifteen thousand pounds on the eve before your wedding—on Christmas Eve, remember."

And so saying, Josiah Nib flung open the door and passed from the room.

Brierley watched him till he closed the door.

"A malediction on him!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "Oh, fool that I was to think the worm I trod on would not turn and sting me. The hateful parasite will cling to me till every farthing is gone, and he has dragged me down to the lowest depths of ruin and despair.

"But, no, I am not yet crushed and broken. I will foil him yet. One month gives me the woman I love and the wealth I covet, and it shall also give me release from the man I fear—the viper born of my bitter vengeance."

CHAPTER V.

It was towards evening of the day before Christmas, the day appointed for the marriage of William Brierley and Mary, that a man, haggard, pale and ragged, entered the village of Hazleberry, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow.

He had evidently traveled far and seen much privation.

There were but few of the villagers about, and these he appeared anxious to shun.

Turning into the lane that led towards the farm, he paused and looked with surprise and curiosity at the new building that had been erected on the ruins of the old farm-house.

Then he turned with a sigh to gaze at the distant mill.

"That is not changed," he said; "no, that is not changed, but is she? Does Mary still believe me innocent, or has she, too, changed in these three years? God help me, what years of misery and despair have they been to me."

And as the man drew his hand across his eyes and threw up the brim of his hat, few would have recognized in those sunken cheeks the once happy features of Harry Fairfield.

"Ah," he continued, "the homestead is changed like myself, only that is a proud and noble building, while I am a crushed and broken-spirited man—a fugitive from justice, a hunted convict, without home, friends, or the means to obtain a meal. After three years of sleepless nights and toilsome days, I stand here once more in my native village to feel a greater outcast, a more friendless wretch than when chained to my fellow man, I toiled a convict in Van Dieman's Land."

He sat down behind the tree where Brierley had hidden on the night of the fire, and buried his face in his hands.

It was not till a couple of voices broke on his ear, and he saw that the speakers were too close for him to flee without observation, that he became aware of their presence.

Shrinking back further into the shelter of the huge trunk, he waited for them to pass.

It was Tim Whipall and Dolly, on their way home.

"This be the exact spot, Tim," said Dolly, shaking the snow from her shawl, "where you lay down to sleep, when you got so drunk on Christmas Eve three years ago."

"And a dear drunk it was, Dolly," replied Tim. "But I never can remember anything about it. However, it's been a lesson to me never to get drunk again, and I never will."

"If it hadn't been for that promise, Tim, I'd never have been Mrs. Whipall. Why, Tim, if you was to spend your evenings in the alehouse as you used to do when you came a-courting me, and I was Farmer Fairfield's dairymaid, I'd run away and leave you to yourself, and then you'd know the miss of me, Tim; you'd know what a jewel you'd lost, and have to look out for another."

"And suppose I got one, old woman, what then?" asked Tim, smiling.

"What then? Why, it wouldn't be good for her, that's all; there'd be such a shine in Hazleberry that would not have been seen the likes of since poor Harry Fairfield was accused of setting fire to his farm and killing poor Tim Whipall—no, that there wouldn't."

"Oh, I thought you couldn't stand the loss of me, Dolly, though I bean't much of a chap after all. But there's no fear of that; I make you too good a husband for you to run away, and all I hopes is as Mr. William at the mill may be as good to Miss Mary. Of course it ain't for me to say anything agin it, but I'm sorry she's to marry him to-morrow. Folks says he's turned a decent sort of chap, but I don't like him for all that."

"Nor I, Tim; and I don't believe but that with all his talk and all his sorrow, he was glad when poor Harry Fairfield was sent away over the seas never to return any more."

"He'd no right to be sent away."

"He never set the farm on fire, and I'll never believe he was the man as hit me on the head, though it was his gun as did it; I've always said so and I say it now, and I'd fight any man in the village as would contradict me.

"I'm always wishing I could remember that night. If I could, I believe I'd recollect something very different, but I can't, and so an innocent man suffers."

"God bless you for that belief, Tim Whipall," said Harry, confronting the startled pair.

"Why, who be ye, measter, frightening honest folks in this way?" cried Tim.

"A starving, broken-hearted, life-wearied man," replied Harry.

"Starving?" cried Dolly. "Well, you do look as if a meal would do you good. We be poor folks ourselves, but we won't deny you a crust and a jug of milk if you will come to our cottage. Poor chap, but you do look sadly. Have you journeyed far?"

"Yes, thousands of miles," said Harry, "to gaze once more on my native village, to look upon a face I once loved, ere I bid farewell to a world which cruelty, oppression, and falsehood have made hateful to me."

"Thy native village?" said Tim, looking keenly in his face. "Why, boy and man, I have lived in Hazleberry thirty years, and never seen thy face afore, and yet—why, no, and yet there is—it can't be my old measter; no, no, he be across the seas, poor fellow, transported for a crime he never committed."

"Alas, my poor honest Tim," cried Harry, "it is indeed the wreck of the man you once called master, who now stands before you."

"Harry Fairfield!" gasped Dolly.

"Great Heaven! yes, it is he; I know him now. Oh, Tim, it is measter, poor innocent measter."

"Farmer—Farmer Fairfield," exclaimed Tim, "and sick, hungry, and in rags. Farmer Fairfield, and I not know him; ah, I know him now.

"Oh, farmer, farmer, dang it, I'm so glad to see thee back again, that—that—dang it! I ha' been sleeping with the window open and I've caught a cold in my eyes, and can't speak plain.

"Dolly, tell Measter Harry how glad I be, for bless me if I can."

And the honest fellow drew the sleeve of his smock frock over his eyes, and clasped the hand of the poor convict.

"Glad to see him, Tim," gasped Dolly; "why I'm so glad that I could laugh and dance, only I can't, Tim, you see I—I——"

And poor Dolly burst into tears, and with an hysterical sob, flung both her plump arms round the young farmer's neck, and looked through her blinding tears into his careworn face.

"I did not expect this from you, Tim," said Harry, as he shook the honest carter's hand; "you whom I was accused of attempting to murder on this very spot."

"But it was a lie, farmer," said Tim; "and though I don't know the man as did it, I'll swear it wasn't you."

"Heaven knows it was not," said Harry.

"Ah, and so will all the world know in good time," sobbed Dolly. "Heaven will bring the truth to light at last. But you look ill, and you are in want; in days gone by you helped us, and we'll help you now, won't we, Tim?"

"Won't we, lass, won't we?" cried Tim. "I'll work all the hours there be, and we'll share our last crust with him. Come, farmer, come home with us. There's a bit of bacon in the pot; come and share it with us. Why, the first mouthful would choke I if you didn't."

"My good, honest people," said Harry, in a husky voice; "I can appreciate your kindness, and thank you for it. But for the words I overheard as I lay hidden behind that tree, I had not revealed myself to you."

"And why not, farmer? We don't believe what the world says of you," said Dolly.

"I will tell you, my kind friends. The sentence passed upon me was transportation for life. I was sent to the convict settlement to work in chains, but the longing to gaze for an instant on the face of my beloved Mary, became stronger day by day, and I resolved to escape."

"And you've done it, hurrah!" cried Tim.

"Yes, I escaped, reached England, and landed on my native shores, a beggar, and with the knowledge that every moment is fraught with the danger of arrest and heavier punishment."

"But they shan't arrest you."

"My good friend, I know that you would shield me as far as your power goes, but of what avail is that? No, Tim, I cannot hope to baffle my enemies long. I came here to see, to speak but one word if possible with poor Mary, to hear from her own lips, that she still believes me innocent; they may drag me back to my chains then, if they will, for I shall have nothing further to live for."

"Yes, you have, farmer," cried Tim; "you have to live to prove the lie that sent you across the seas."

"Vain hope," moaned Harry.

"But ye'll come home with us, farmer?" sobbed Dolly. "We'll hide you in our cottage."

"Do not urge me, friends. I will to the mill and seek an interview with Mary. Then I will give myself up to justice, for what care I for liberty or even life, if as I heard you say, Mary to-morrow becomes the wife of another."

"Give yourself up," cried Tim; "if you do, may I be hanged. Now, look here, farmer, time was when there was not a man in Hazleberry as could stand afore you, as Measter Brierley at the mill knows full well, but you ain't so strong as you was, and if you don't come and let us take care of you, may I never eat hard dumplings again, if me and Dolly don't carry you home, won't we, missis?"

"We will, and I'd like to see the man as would prevent us," answered Dolly. "But you will come, farmer, and I will go and let Miss Mary know you are in the village, for if you was to go to the mill and Measter Brierley was to see you, he'd have you arrested directly.

"He be a smooth-spoken fellow, but there's no good in his heart, and with all his pretence, I believe he did more to fix the fire, and poor Tim's misfortune, on you than anybody else."

"Did he; ah, did he?" cried Tim. "I remember the look he gave you and the threat he uttered when you struck him, farmer, and I say he's a snake in the grass, and so is his lick-spittle follower, Josiah Nib.

"You must keep clear of them two, and then I don't believe there's a man in the village but would stand your friend, so come along."

Harry still hesitated.

"You won't, wont you?" said Dolly. "Here, Tim, catch hold of him on one side, and I'll take the other; and here's ten good finger nails for the face of the first man who says you shan't come."

"And here's a couple of fists to back 'em. Come, farmer, come you must, or hang me if I don't take you on my back and carry you."

"God bless you, my friends," said Harry, the tears starting to his eyes; "and may your kindness meet its reward."

So saying, with Tim on one side, and Dolly on the other, he suffered himself to be led away from the spot.

CHAPTER VI.

The shades of night had fallen over the snow-clad village of Hazleberry.

The machinery of the old mill was at rest.

Refreshed by the substantial, though plain and homely meal placed before him by the good cottagers, Harry resolved to visit the mill that night, since an attempt on the part of Dolly to obtain an interview with Mary had failed.

Tim would have prevailed on Harry to wait, but the young farmer shook his head, saying—

"Tim, to-morrow she will be the wife of another. I must see her ere she is led to the altar. I will risk even life itself, to hold her in my arms for one moment, to tell her that while breath is left, my prayers are for her alone."

"Well," said Tim, "if you will go, you must, I suppose; but you shan't go alone. If danger assails you, I'll be there to help you. I heard from Joe Grist that Brierley had said that he was going to Diptown to-night, and should not get back till late, so there ain't much fear of running against him; but there's that sneak Nib. If he recognises you, you want a friend."

"You are a good fellow to show so much kindness to the man who, for aught you know, struck you down."

"Don't you talk that way, farmer, because if you swore you did, I wouldn't believe you."

"God bless you, Tim," he said. "I have one friend, at least, in this world."

"Two, Master Harry—myself and Tim;

A Christmas After-Dinner Dream.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

In came little Lotta, her cheeks pinched into twin roses by the winter wind. She was easily dressed in thick coat and furs, though the summer of happiness in her face seemed in itself a plentiful guard against the fierce outcast of the frost.

"Don't I wish you had gone to Aunt Clement's with me!" she cried, half out of breath, to her elder sister. "Such a good time as we had! And then the dinner. You should just have seen our Christmas dinner!"

"I suppose I will soon see evidence of it, in the shape of a sick little girl."

"I guess you won't, then!" said Lotta, pursing up her pretty lips. "But such a dinner as that! No one could help eating more than enough. There was a perfect Goliah of a turkey, with two monstrous chickens to uphold his dignity; and——"

"And a wild goose."

"If you mean me," cried Lotta, "I was not a bit wild."

"Oh, I don't mean to be personal," said her sister, laughing.

"I suppose I am a little goose sometimes," said the child, very thoughtfully. "But then I was not born wise."

"Go on with your dinner," replied her sister.

"Then there were the oysters, and the vegetables, potatoes and onions, and celery, and—oh, everything. You know! And then came in the mince pies, and the pumpkin pies, and the tarts—Aunt's own make. Miracles of pies!"

"I hope you did not eat too much of them. They often make you sick."

"No, for I liked the plum pudding better. Such a monster as that was! All currants, and raisins, and spice, and everything good. It was just charming; and as sweet as—"

"As coffee with three sugars in it," said her teasing sister.

"Then there was jam, and preserves, and cakes, and nuts, and ice cream. Oh, I could not tell you half. I never saw such a Christmas dinner, and I wished all the time that you and mamma were there."

"Thanks for the wish; though I am rather glad that I was not. We were feasting somewhat more soberly at home, Lotta."

"I knew you were having a good time, or I would not have half enjoyed my dinner, you dear, kind sister," said affectionate Lotta, throwing her arms around her and eagerly kissing her.

The sister returned the embrace with loving interest.

"And see what I have here," cried the versatile child. "I have the wish bone of the chicken. I am going to put it over the door to dry. If I go to sleep under it, I hope it will bring me pleasant dreams."

"Of plum pudding and the like!" laughed her sister, as she turned to leave the room.

"Oh, no!" said Lotta, wearily, as she flung herself into the arm-chair. "I have enough of plum pudding for to-day, thank you. Don't mind me, Mary dear. I will just sit here and think and rest a little."

There was a comical look on Mary's face as she left the room. She had seen instances of such resting and thinking before.

Lotta did intend to think; but how could she think, with a gentle hand pushing her back in her chair, and soft fingers pressing down her eyelids, and busy spiders weaving cobwebs in her brain? Thought was out of the question, with this misty genius of sleep hovering about and overshadowing her.

She nodded thrice, rubbed her eyes twice, sighed once, then nestled herself cosily in the arms of slumber, lost to the world without.

She had not slept long before the strangest things happened. One queer little elf peered at her through the key hole of the door, and then wormed his way into the room. Down the chimney slid a brace more, gliding slyly out upon the floor. From the closet trooped out a dozen long-nosed gnomes, peeping comically at the sleeping beauty in the chair. Robin Goodfellow himself leaped out through a trap in the floor. Such a phantasmagoria, and she saw it all through her closed eyelids.

And now, emboldened by her quiet, they came in troops and battalions, from every crevice and crack in the room, big-headed, spindle-shanked, the oddest of creatures, dancing and capering on the floor, flying like acrobats through the air, perching upon the top of the doors and windows, and squatting cross-legged, tailor fashion, on the top of her hat.

She was half afraid and tried to get up; but the cobwebs of sleep were too strong for her, and bound her firmly to her chair.

And now mischievous Puck grasped the wish-bone from over the door, and drew with it a magic circle round the room, and waved it three times through the air, above Lotta's head.

It proved an enchanted wand. The elves and gnomes flew out of doors and windows, and through ceiling and floor.

But just as Lotta hoped she was well rid of them, back they came in redoubled numbers, dragging in what seemed to Lotta the materials of her late feast.

Here was one bent double under the weight of a huge pear, which he bore aloft on the point of a great knife. Here came others rolling in oranges like balls, while one jolly sprite lay on his back balancing a golden lemon on his uplifted feet. Others came dragging in a gigantic apple with a rope, a round-eyed fellow sitting astride of it like a charioteer.

Still Puck waved his bone, and still they came. A dozen dragged in a great conserve jar, and plunged head first into it, for the sweets within. Here came three more with a bottle of wine, mouth downward, spilling its distilled sweetness. Here a pug-nosed elf had caught his twin brother in the jaws of a nut cracker. There a playful rascal had an unfortunate gnome on the prongs of a three-tined toasting fork.

Again Robin Goodfellow waved his wish-bone wand, and in came a delegation from the underworld with the most astonishing affair of all, no less than a round, solid copy of that giant plum pudding which Lotta had helped to demolish an hour before.

And now the fun grew fast and furious. The great pudding was a mere football in the hands of the nimble elves. They kicked and cuffed it about the room above her, till she shrunk and trembled with fear lest the heavy ball should tumble upon her head, and utterly destroy her appetite for plum pudding in the future.

But it was no use, the cobwebs held too tightly. She could only look in fear and trembling.

The elves seemed to suddenly discover that she was afraid of them. They gathered about her, with knife, and fork, and nut cracker, till she thought surely there was no help for her now, and wished that some good genius would only break those strong cobwebs.

Puck came last, armed with the wish bone, which he brandished like a warlike weapon. It grew and grew till he grasped in its grongs the mighty pudding, which he flung maliciously at her innocent head.

This was too much, she shrunk hastily back. The cobwebs at last gave way. She sprang in affright from her chair.

In an instant elves and gnomes, pudding and pears, jars and jams, all vanished into the viewless air, and there stood Lotta wide awake, in the old familiar room, without a trace of the dance of enchantment to which she had been so unwillingly treated.

At her feet lay the wish-bone, which seemed to her excited imagination the cause of all this turmoil.

The pudding had gone, but its weight lay yet upon her conscience, somewhat assisted by certain unpleasant internal sensations.

"Plum pudding is delicious, but I don't think I will soon eat too much plum pudding again," said Lotta, decisively putting down her small foot as if she meant it. "Another time I will take sister Mary's advice, and stop eating when I have enough. I think I will be better for it when I am awake, and escape all such horrid Christmas nightmares when asleep."

A CHRISTMAS AFTER-DINNER DREAM.—DRAWN BY KATGREENAWAY.

THE BOOT-BLACK'S STORY.

When a dozen newsboys and bootblacks had collected on the custom house stairs yesterday, and when each one had grown tired of jaw-breakers and popcorn balls, "Little English" remarked:

"Sposen Jim Cocoanut tells us a story."

"Sposen," remarked all the others.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Jim, after a few digs at his head, "I will tell you a true story about a girl. Her name was Marier, and she had yaller hair, blue eyes, small feet, and she was worth a million dollars."

"In stamps?" asked Cross-Eyed Dick.

"In clean cash, right in the savings' bank," answered Jim. "This girl was an orphan, with no one to boss her around, and if she wanted to be out till eleven o'clock at night she could. There were piles of fellows after her to marry her, but she stuck up her nose at the hull caboodle."

"What fur?" anxiously inquired Firecracker Tom.

"What fur? Why, she knew they loved her money instead of herself. She wanted some one to love her earnestly and like gosh. Well, one day when she was going down to the post office to see if there was any mail, runaway horse came along. Marier fainted away and sat down in the road, and she'd have been broke all to pieces if it hadn't been for a boot-black 'bout my size. He pulled her into a shooting gallery, brought her to, and then hired a hull omnibus and took her home."

"And they fell in love and were finally married," remarked Suspender Johnson.

"No, my fellow countryman," sadly replied Jim—"she gin him ten cents!"

"And is that all?" exclaimd three or four voices.

"All she gave him, and tat turned out to be counterfeit!"

There was a long period f silence, and Cocoanut Jim continued:

"Which is a lesson to u never to marry a girl worth a million dllars."

"And we never shall!" the solemnly replied.

CHRISTMAS GREE S.

Talking of Christmas and th fashions, we must not foget the home rimmings soon to be worn. Fortunatel the old, old fashion of he evergreen becomes newer every yea. In the free growth whose roots strike eighteen centuries deep the flowerless plants take up a sudother way of covering the forms is to glue moss upon them; and still another (though it is traitorous to suggest it) is to paint the paper letters with glue and immediately sprinkle on a quantity of fine overgreen clippings scarcely larger than those thorns.

Then there's the Christmas tree.—Never omit that. Let it be large or small, richly lighted and laden, or only daintily pricked off with candles, and follies—but a Christmas tree let there be. Hemlock, cedar, pine, and spruce are suited to the purpose, but prettier and firmer than all is the species known as the white pine—so rich a green, and withal so light and feathery that, lit with its hundred tapers, it looks like a Christmas fountain covered with sparkles of sunlight.

Is it more *stylish* to have Christmas trees for the children than to let the little creatures hang up their stockings as their great grandmothers did? No, no. We all do as we please in the matter. The high fashion authorities are silent here; you must lay your ear against the great warm heart of Christmas and listen.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE POOR.—Christmas with the poor—with the real poor, who have no Christmas—should we pass a portion of our Christmas with them, we must bring all that makes the time joyous and happy with us. Why should we not from our plenty give them a little? Does not duty, does not the day itself, the day of Christ's nativity, demand this of us? Of all times this is the time to help the poor; this is the time to show to the world that the world is not all bad. Let us remember that, in proportion as we are gay, others are sad, starving, and freezing on Christmas day! Starving and freezing on Christmas day! Little children like our own little children, as young, as innocent, dying for want of food, dying for want of fire, while with us is abundance—more than abundance. It is, alas! too true. We cannot draw the misery of the poor like unto what it is.

SOME NECESSITIES THAT WERE ONCE LUXURIES.

The economy of living, which is the most engrossing science of these hard times, suggests the history of many necessities of the period that were once, at a time more or less remote, classed as luxuries. The button, for instance, which is perhaps the commonest as it certainly is one of the most useful of necessities, and which scarcely any one ever thinks of as not having always been purchaseable, was added to the list of manufactures by the founder of Williston (Mass.) Seminary, who was a clever New England mechanic, and from making the article by hand finally produced a machine to turn buttons out by myriads. Indeed, we have only to go back two or three centuries to find the folks without forks, gloves, plates and dishes, carriages, knit-stockings, and with all enjoying life quite as contentedly as ourselves. When Thomas Coryat, an English traveler of Queen Elizabeth's reign, visited Italy, nothing surprised him so much, he tells us, as the spectacle of the Italians using a fork at their meals—his own nation and Bess herself, on the principle which has passed into a proverb, that fingers were made before forks, being well satisfied with the former—and he solemnly comments: "Neither do I think that any nation in Christendom doth use it but only Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron, steel and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen." This sounds extremely funny now, yet it was not until a number of years later that the first forks—of crystal, coral, gold, variously bejeweled—were presented to Elizabeth; even then that wonderful woman would have nothing to do with them, and under her successor's reign we find a great divine stigmatizing the fork as an "insult to Providence." The English took to gloves much more readily and earlier, the Queen having set the example to her subjects in 1578 by graciously holding up and smelling into a $15 pair which had been made especially for her, and possessed real beauty as well as intrinsic value. It is worthy of note that England now employs fifty thousand persons in glove-making, while sometimes over ten million pairs, worth, at a rough guess, five millions of dollars, are annually imported from France. In the matter of table-ware, Dresden looms up only a century and a half distant, and except the Etruscan wares and those of the far East there is no history back of Dresden. After the Saxony enterprise followed the Sevres establishment, and in England we have Thomas Wedgewood, under favor of Queen Caroline, who made him royal potter—whence the term "queensware"—introducing his pottery everywhere. At this hey-day of the bric-a-brac fashion, details about Wedgewood are quite superfluous, and the world, having come to regard earthenware as a necessity, has quite forgotten the era of the trencher and wooden platter. A good many of us, too, will die, we suppose, in the belief that socks and stockings, which are among the most inexpensive articles of personal apparel, were always made of yarn or thread, whereas, up to the sixteenth century, they were universally of rough cloth. It was not, in fact, until the reign of James I that Lee's invention of a stocking-weaving machine came into any general use, the unlucky author, after applying in vain to "Good Queen Bess" for a patent, finally dying of poverty and a broken heart. England alone in this industry now consumes the labor of one hundred thousand persons, who manufacture four hundred millions of pairs annually. The year 1835 saw the first coach; we should think it quite impossible to get along without carriages now. John Taylor said of the primitive vehicle: "The sight of it put both horse and man into amazement; some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil." The mischief! But it required a full hundred years to make coaches fashionable, and we have been developing new styles of conveyance ever since. We have been mentioning simply those articles which suggest themselves most as necessities, but which, as we have seen, were considered luxuries not so very long ago. Something might be added of the part fashion has played in this transformation, and of the new industries, trade and commerce that it has started up. We might remark, for example, the history of crinoline, its rise and fall; the variability of the chignon, its possibilities and its tyrannies; and it would be interesting to trace the evolution of the shoe, from the era of the "chopine," which had a heel eighteen inches high, to that of the decollete "Newport tie," which has raged violently in recent summers. But enough has been said to show that be the times ever so hard we can't do without what some ancestors of ours were absolutely in utter ignorance of.—*Philadelphia Times.*

BOOK NOTICE.

O'er Moor and Fen. A Novel. By Charlotte Walsingham, author of "Annette, or The Chronicles of Bellevue." Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is a new work by the author of "Annette," which proved such a success. We like this even better, as the plot is, in our opinion, better worked out, and the characters have more marked individuality. The book is handsomely gotten up.

GENUINE firmness of mind consists greatly in the habitual recollection of our own moderate power and acquirements.